SEPT. 21, 1940

Liberty

5¢

UNEXPECTED UNCLE A NEW HILARIOUS NOVEL **BY ERIC HATCH**

IS IT GOOD-BY COLLEGE FOOTBALL?

Protection Against Wear!

Mobiloil not only retards wear, but also resists carbon, sludge, "oil drag" ...gives you complete "Balanced Protection"! Stop for Mobiloil, Mobilgas, and Friendly Service!

GET RIGHT TO THE "SEAT" of engine trouble with tough, dependable protection! Where precision-fitted engine parts race and churn...*that's where Mobiloil works best!*

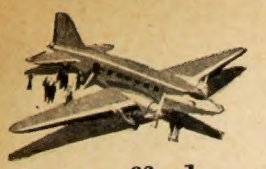
It stands up under heats as high as 400° F. ...in clearances less than half the thickness of a cigarette paper.

Here's the point! An oil with only one or two good qualities can't take this punishment.

But Mobiloil is *made* to! It has *all four* good motor oil qualities...retards wear...won't thin out dangerously...helps you save on gasoline.

1. Retards wear. Flows fast at starting temperature; resists dangerous thinning under heat.
2. Resists sludge formation. Distilled, refined, dewaxed, filtered—purged of clogging impurities.
3. Reduces wasteful "oil drag." Helps you save on gasoline.
4. Resists carbon formation because unstable elements have been removed from the oil.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.
AND AFFILIATES: Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corporation of California.



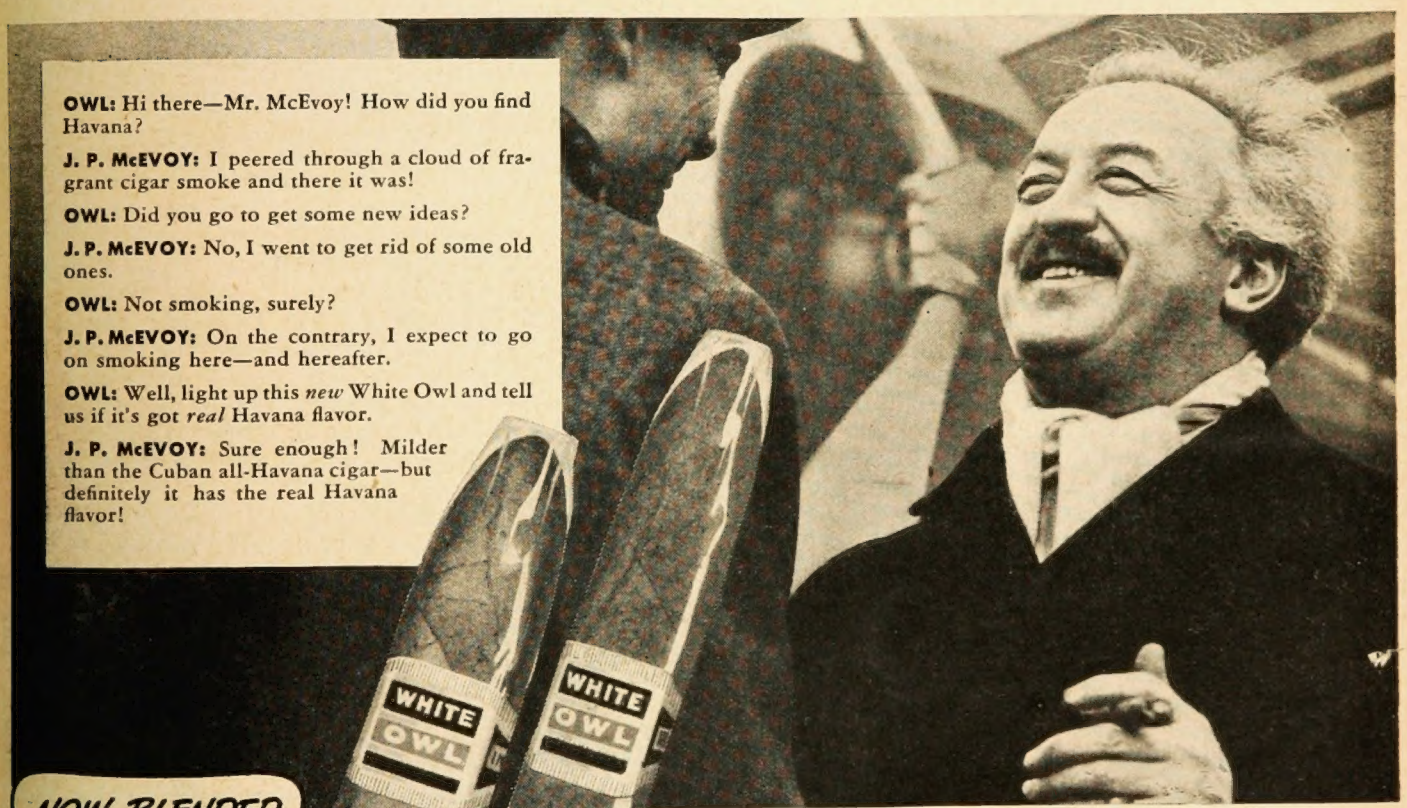
Just off the Plane from HAVANA

J. P. McEVOY, playwright, humorist, writer, is a "chain cigar smoker" who carries his cigars in his *pants' pockets!*

"Carrying cigars in my trousers' pocket keeps me from breaking them—" says J. P. McEvoy. Well—we don't know. Maybe it works.

Mr. McEvoy went on: "I dictate as I smoke and must have strained a million words through White Owl Cigars in the last ten years."

J. P. McEvoy ENDORSES **NEW WHITE OWLS'** HAVANA FLAVOR



OWL: Hi there—Mr. McEvoy! How did you find Havana?

J. P. McEVOY: I peered through a cloud of fragrant cigar smoke and there it was!

OWL: Did you go to get some new ideas?

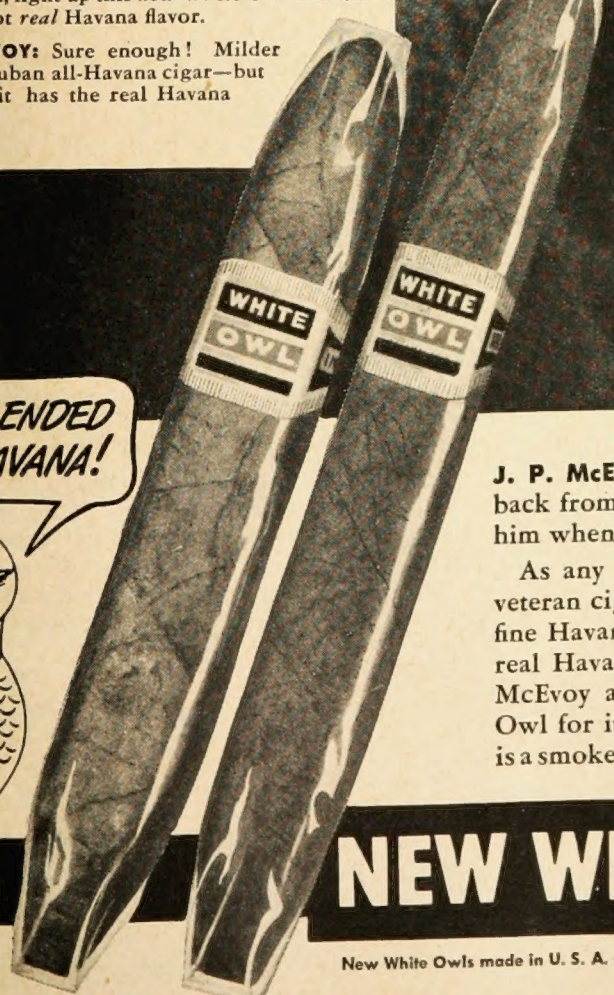
J. P. McEVOY: No, I went to get rid of some old ones.

OWL: Not smoking, surely?

J. P. McEVOY: On the contrary, I expect to go on smoking here—and hereafter.

OWL: Well, light up this *new* White Owl and tell us if it's got *real* Havana flavor.

J. P. McEVOY: Sure enough! Milder than the Cuban all-Havana cigar—but definitely it has the real Havana flavor!



J. P. McEvoy, famous *Saturday Evening Post* author, is back from an airplane jaunt to Havana. We interviewed him when he arrived in New York.

As any of Mr. McEvoy's friends will tell you, he's a veteran cigar smoker. Because of his great fondness for fine Havana tobacco he really knows the luxury taste of real Havana tobacco. When connoisseurs such as J. P. McEvoy approve the *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl for its real Havana taste—you know this *new* cigar is a smoke to get excited about. Try White Owl's new taste!

Try a NEW WHITE OWL *Today* **5¢**

New White Owls made in U. S. A. only—See how at New York World's Fair, 1940

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SEPTEMBER 21, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 38

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

REIGN OF TERROR ON WALL STREET

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Many of our citizens throughout the country hate Wall Street. They blame this monied colossus for all their financial woes. Here securities to the value of billions change hands . . . buying and selling . . . on paper.

Here, too, in bygone years financial schemers plied their nefarious trade. Here, too, there was formerly unlimited financial backing for legitimate business.

Yes, many people have been fleeced of their life's savings in this money mart; but you will find dishonesty in every line of business, in every profession, in every walk of life. Even the cloak of religion is sometimes used to rob the unwary.

And Wall Street is no exception. There is doubtless more temptation there than elsewhere.

But Wall Street is the business center of this country and, to a certain extent, the entire world. Here is where great organizations sell their stock and secure additional capital. Here the financial pulse of the world is tabulated.

And remember, prosperity in Wall Street means prosperity everywhere, and why hinder the ordinary routine of this great business center merely to stop the schemes of a few financial crooks?

Furthermore, the laws on our statute books, if enforced, are doubtless sufficient to curtail such activities. Why dry up the avenues of investment by needless restrictions? We would not stop the use of money because some people use it foolishly. We would not stop the use of bread because some people overeat.

No, Wall Street has not been entirely curtailed, but it is staggering under a colossal load of hastily drawn legislative restrictions.

The New Deal has gone through Wall Street like a withering storm. It has left this great business center weak and wobbly. And here's the proof:

From 1923 to 1932 an average of $3,300,000,000 worth of securities were issued for new capital each year. Since the New Deal took over this government, there has been less than $700,000,000 worth sold yearly. A disastrous reduction of over 75 per cent, due to New Deal legislation.

And some people are wondering why there has been a decrease in employment and a continuous increase in relief rolls. Because of the interference of governmental red tape, even honest men do not care to promote legitimate business. Many of the new laws are difficult to understand, and investors refuse to trust their interpretation to political commissions.

Frequently, when a large block of stock is sold, the buyer is asked . . . where he got the money . . . why did he make the purchase . . . how much stock did he have before . . . did he have inside information . . . who gave it to him, and why? Now, no self-respecting business man would stand for such snooping and spying.

Under the present legislation, if you want to organize a business and sell stock in a going concern, registration is necessary. This means a large expenditure of money, compiling of voluminous reports, hiring of outside accountants. To go through all this complicated procedure requires weeks.

What is the use of all this intricate analysis? How many investors, particularly the small investors whom the law is intended to protect, have even made use of the sources previously available for information before buying stock? Definite evidence of the uselessness of the present legal restrictions.

This New Deal legislation has dried up the investment market, and, quoting Mr. Willkie, it has "standardized depression."

And this dismal situation will undoubtedly continue until legal interference with the normal, free exchange for investments is discontinued. You can bring a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. You cannot compel an investor to invest.

We can legislate business out of business. Until something can be done to encourage honest investments without the necessity for strait-jacket inquisition, the great wealth of this country will gradually disappear.

Capital wants protection, security, but hamstringing the investment world with intricate, unnecessary regulations will bring more and more clamoring for a place at the government table . . . dole, WPA, etc., etc. . . . already crowded with from 25 to 30 per cent of our population.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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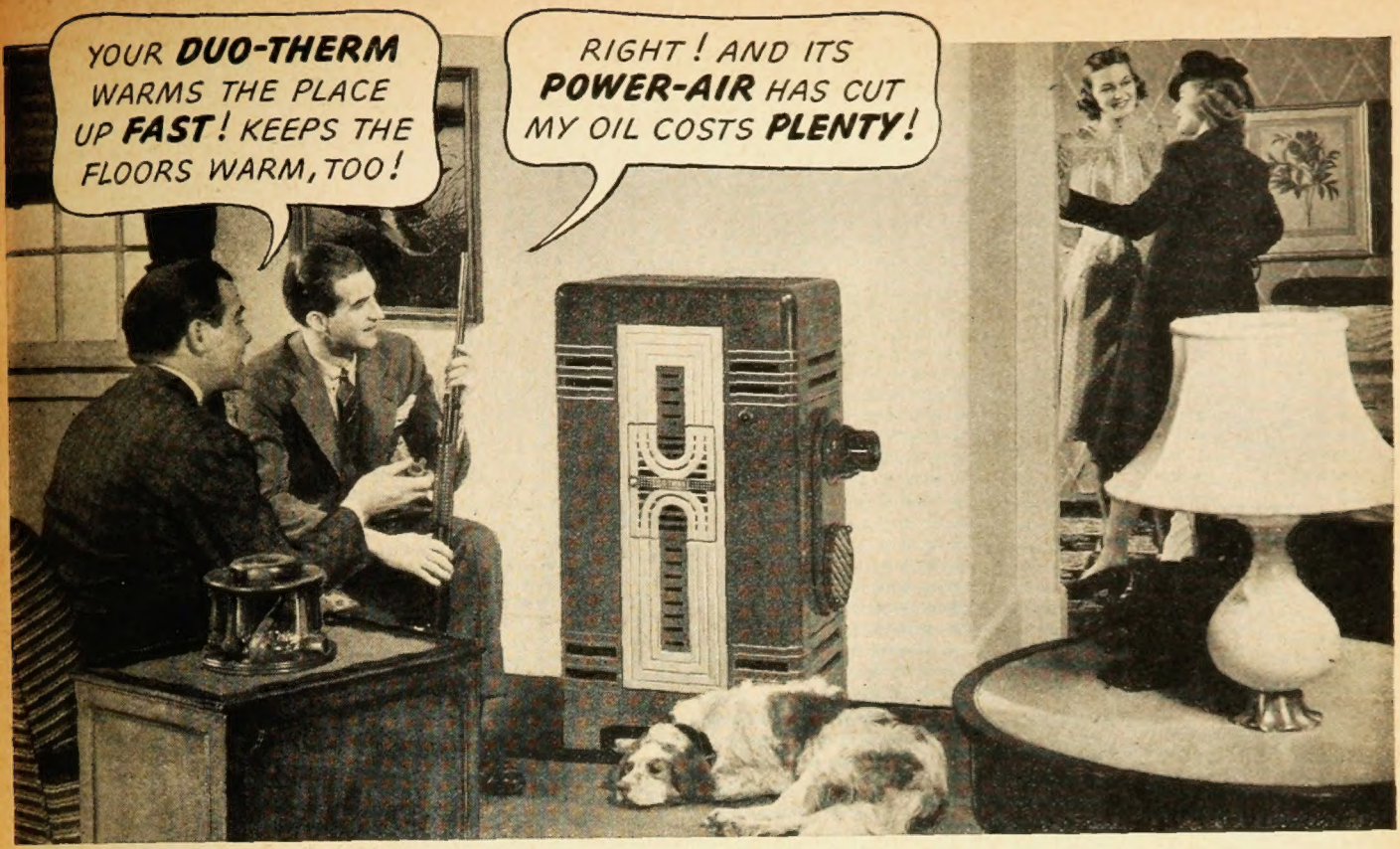


Amazing new heater drives "Fireside Warmth" to every corner!

THIS winter, enjoy fast, clean, convenient, trouble-free oil heat!

Heat which is *driven* down to warm your floors—heat which is *forced* into other rooms and chilly corners—heat which now costs you less than oil heat ever did before—thanks to Duo-Therm's new Power-Air!*

Like a modern furnace! Duo-Therm's Power-Air blower drives heat all through your house—gives you quick heat on frosty mornings—circulates heat faster, better to every corner of every room! It brings lazy ceiling heat down where you need it—gives uniform, "floor-to-ceiling" comfort!

Here, for the first time in a fuel oil heater, is *positive*, forced heat like that of a modern, expensive basement furnace! And Power-Air means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you *better* heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air!

And Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

More reasons why you'll want a Duo-Therm! Turn the handy front-panel dial—and get just the heat you want, for mild fall days or for the coldest weather! Open the radiant door and out pours a flood of cheerful warmth! Special waste-stopper saves fuel! Duo-Therm's famous Bias-Baffle Burner gives you *more* heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—*always* burns cleanly, silently, *safely*—at any setting. (All models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.)

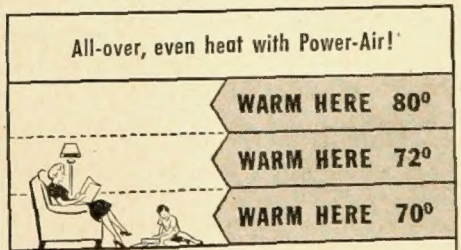
Gives you cooler *summers*, too!

In scorching weather, switch on your Power-Air blower—and it pours out a cooling 27 mile-an-hour breeze!

America's most popular heater costs no more! Even with Power-Air you pay no more for a Duo-Therm than other heaters! And your dealer will tell you about the easy-payment plan. Go to your nearest Duo-Therm dealer today—and look over all the 12 beautiful models! They heat 1 to 6 rooms—come in either the console or upright cabinet type—can all be equipped with Power-Air.

For complete information, fill out the coupon below and mail it—now!

This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!



Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat *down*—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

Copr. 1940, Motor Wheel Corp. *Patent applied for

New All-Weather DUO-THERM Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

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Send me, without obligation, your complete illustrated catalog.

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This would not have been possible without efficiency all along the line, economies resulting from centralized research and manufacture, and a sincere desire to serve the best interests of the public.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ILLUSTRATOR
FRED FREEMAN

GIRL TALKS Politics

Stop, look, listen, beware! Here's a detour to guide you around election-year danger

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FROM now on—due to the rising temperature of election excitement—American women will find themselves involved in hotter and hotter political discussion. For the sake of our social peace and tranquillity, we'd better learn to talk politics in a way that does not start fights.

Three girls who work in offices and share a small apartment together are winning the game of talking politics with the most intelligent teamplay I have seen. They started the "act" for a deliberate feminine purpose—to impress their bosses and other worth-while men. Each girl reads a different newspaper — Democratic, Republican, Labor Left. By exchanging the contradictory views thus acquired, they get an all-round panorama of the political field and are prepared to aim their talk along any man's angle of opinion. They save clippings, jot down political jokes, prophecies, amusing facts and anecdotes about well known politicians.

The fever of political talk during an election year presents extraordinary opportunities for girls and women who know how to talk politics in their stride. Now let's see how to do it. Here are seven easy rules to remember:

1. Leave shouting and name calling to soapbox spellbinders. You can talk politics politely.

2. Use your girlish enthusiasm to boost your favorite candidate, not to knock his rival.

3. Have your hottest political arguments with men. They *may* admire your spirit.

4. Avoid flat contradictions. Instead of saying, "That's wrong," try saying, "I don't see how that can be right."

5. Pick up the habit of presenting arguments in question form. "Isn't that what America needs?" will usually be more persuasive than, "That's what America needs."

6. Never talk politics in the presence of another female who is unfriendly toward you. She'll be likely to trap you into a bickering match.

7. When you talk politics, for heaven's sake don't *pout* if other people disagree with you.

The above suggestions won't actually build you up as a political conversationalist unless you add systematically to your information fund. That you can do in several ways.

Above all, be a good listener when you hear men of experience talking politics.

In the periodicals, read editorials and special articles on politics, as well as straight political news. Books that will give you the most to talk about are After Seven Years, by Raymond Moley; On Our Way, a collection of President F. D. Roosevelt's first-term speeches; and, because of the war influence, Inside Europe, and Inside Asia, both by John Gunther; also Hitler's Mein Kampf. For historic ideas on dictatorship you might add Machiavelli's The Prince, while for a wide slant on contemporary American notions there is Benjamin Appel's new book, The People Talk. When you read them, make notes!

Sooner or later you'll find yourself up against the question of political scandalmongering, whispering campaigns, smear propaganda. May a lady take part in it?

The showmanship of politics demands sensations, spicy personal gibes, racy stories, laughter and fun at the expense of the candidates. So there's really no logical reason why you need be namby-pamby. Let yourself go as far as your code of good taste permits.

We women, however, have a long accepted duty to perform as peacemakers when an argument threatens actually to end in a free-for-all. A girl with a tactful tongue for politics can be invaluable as a stopper of brawls and soother of inflamed feelings.

Hardest of tasks that involve talking politics is the job of the hostess entertaining people of mixed political opinion. There seems always to be one excitable guest who goes berserk, just as there's always another who sulks when crossed in argument. Give these despoilers of your social atmosphere no chance to do their stuff. Pair them off with partners who are beautiful but dumb.

In talking politics with neighbors, beware of back-fence controversies unless good nature prevails on both sides of the fence. A quarrel between next-door wives can easily run through your whole neighborhood.

One more word of advice: Remember, there are still two sides to every question, even when a *girl* talks politics.

You won't argue about *that*, will you? Or *will* you?

THE END

By GERALDINE YORK

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Unexpected Uncle

PART ONE—A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

IN midafternoon of a day so bright and warm and filled with sunshine that he would have liked to buy it and put it away, Seton Mansley strolled under the palm trees of Worth Avenue. He strolled slowly, looking into the windows of the enormously expensive shops that lined each side of the street. It was nice, he thought, to be in Palm Beach in January. It was nice to be alive. It was nice to be able to walk down a palm-lined street past shops where you could buy a twenty-dollar dress for a hundred and twenty dollars. You didn't have to buy the dress and it gave you such a feeling of luxury. He smiled. He liked luxury. He had liked it for sixty years—even at times when he didn't have it.

He continued to smile as he walked on in the general direction of Lake Worth. From time to time doormen saluted him and said, "Afternoon, sir," and he nodded to them. Mansley was used to having doormen and headwaiters, and policemen even, salute him when he first arrived in a town. He looked like the sort of man who should be saluted. His spotless white flannels, his bright blue double-breasted jacket, the rose in his buttonhole, these were marks of rank and high station. So was his stomach, rounded, full, kewpie.

He was proud of that stomach. He was proud, too, of his sleek gray hair and of his complexion, which was bronzed and florid, fat and firm at the same time. A man didn't get a face to look like that in a day. It took years and years of high living. A man had to be smart, to have quick wits to get a face like that if he was born without the silver spoon in his mouth. He had to have more than that if he was born without any spoon at all in his mouth.

Suddenly Mansley stopped thinking about the sunshine and the expensive shops and stared into the plate-glass window of Parkes-Fifth Avenue.

In the window, a few feet from the glass but hidden from the rest of the store by a rack of polo coats, was a girl. She looked as though she must be pretty, although Mansley couldn't see her face because it was buried among the coats on the rack. What made him stop and stare, outside the fact that he always stared at young things, was that her shoulders under the white silk salesgirl's dress were shaking and that her coppery curly head was bent and that he could feel that she was crying.

Mansley felt an ache in his heart. This sort of thing always did that to him and he hated himself for it, but without any hesitation at all he strode to the doorway and into the shop, and around behind the rack of coats. He reached out a hand and rested it on the girl's shoulder.

"You mustn't cry like that," he said gently. "It's such a nice day."

The coppery curls lifted, she turned and looked at him out of eyes so big and so dark and so wet that they made his own bright blue eyes feel moist. She nodded.

"I—I know," she said.

"Dammit, girl!" he said. "You make me want to cry too. I can't stand seeing pretty girls cry. It spoils everything. Stop it."

"I can't stop," she said. "And about it's being a nice day. That makes it worse." She looked at him closely, then she said, "You know *that*."

Mansley nodded. Of course he knew that. He was surprised that she did; pleased that she should instantly recognize him as the sort of man who would understand that trouble should come only on dark stormy days and had absolutely no right at all to happen on days like this. He patted the shoulder.

"I suppose it's man trouble?"

In the rumble was a bear. "Hi, you!" Johnsy beckoned. "Where's that girl?"

A distinguished master of fun gives you a new hilarious novel

BY ERIC HATCH

who wrote My Man Godfrey, The Girl Next Door, etc.

She shook her head. "No," she said. "I've been fired. I didn't do anything wrong. I truly didn't. And I was going to buy a new bathing suit today. It's strapless and looks like coral and has little rubber flowers on it."

As she finished, the vanishing vision of the bathing suit overwhelmed her. The tears, like a tide of emotion, flowed strong again. It was perfectly obvious to Mansley that her heart was breaking. It was equally obvious to him that he was going to do things about it. He sighed. Then, very gently, he said, "Perhaps I can fix things. I've fixed lots of things in my time. Tell me just what you did that made them fire you."

"It wasn't wrong," she said. "It truly wasn't. It was about Mr. Hamilton."

Mansley whistled. "Shoes?" he said.

She nodded. Mansley whistled again. Hamilton Shoes were internationally known. Johnson Hamilton, who had inherited the factories from his father, was rapidly getting that way too.

The said shoes were well made and good and reliable. Johnsy Hamilton was well made. Right there the resemblance stopped. In spite of the fact that he had put the factories back on their feet and that he slaved for them, in the play spots of the world Johnsy Hamilton was fast becoming legend. He was well over thirty. He was, according to most standards, a naughty boy. Mansley waited.

"He—he came in to pick up some pajamas his sister bought. They were awfully pretty—silk, with poinsettias and palm trees on them—and I got the package for him and I said the pajamas were *awful* pretty, and he said so was I, and then he reached around and pinched me and kissed me on the end of the nose, and the pinch didn't hurt and he didn't *really* kiss me, so I just laughed."

Mansley nodded understanding. "And then," he said, "the jackanapes who manages this pitch came over and told you this was a dignified super-colossal emporium and not a—I *beg* your pardon—not a dance hall, and fired you."

The girl was looking at him out of surprised eyes. "How did you know Mr. Clayton was a jackanapes?" she asked.

Mansley bowed. "My dear," he said, "any one who fired you would have to be. Where is he?"

"I'm right here," said a voice behind Mansley. "Miss Brown, I have told you to get out of this store. You're a bad influence. You will please obey me. At once!"

Miss Brown shoved her head back among the coats. Mansley spun round to face a tall, well dressed, sleek young man in pince-nez. Efficiency, suave, cold efficiency, was stamped all over him. Mansley put his hands on his hips, spread his feet, pursed his lips, and blew out his cheeks until they turned crimson. When he felt that he looked angry enough, he began to shout.

"Clayton," he roared, "you're the type of antiquated, narrow-minded, bigoted, self-opinionated puppy we've been trying to weed out of our organization for years. You're a fool! We rack our brains over the directors' table trying to think of ways to increase business in these trying times, trying to think of ways to progress instead of retrench, and then you have the nerve to try and undo our work."

It is to be said for Mr. Clayton that he made a stand. It wasn't much of a stand, because this gray-haired choleric explosion was beyond anything he had been trained to meet.

"But she broke one of my most rigid rules, sir. She . . ."

"*Your* rules!" bellowed Mansley. "*Your* rules. What about *our* rules?"

"But, Mr. . . ."

"Mr. Who? Can't you even address me by name? Do you mean to stand there and tell me you know so little of our financial set-up you don't even recognize . . ." Mansley broke off, shook his head sadly, and looked the young man over from head to toe and back. "Really, Clayton!"

Beads of sweat stood out on Clayton's forehead, ran down under his glasses. The silence in the store was terrific. Customers and employees wouldn't have dreamed of speaking. They might miss something.

"Mr. Clayton," Mansley's voice sounded tired, "Mr. Hamilton's account is more valuable to this store than your rules. So, it would appear, is Miss Brown. You will not only reinstate her at once; you will apologize to her as well. You will then give her the remainder of the afternoon off." He turned back to the girl. "Miss Brown, I have some business at the telegraph office. I will be there for ten minutes. I would appreciate your coming there and advising me that my orders have been carried out."

With that, Mansley strode from the store, crossed the street and went into the telegraph office. There he sat down at one of the desks, drew a

blank toward him and began to draw caricatures on it of Mr. Clayton. He became so engrossed in this work that he didn't hear Miss Brown walk in and stop behind him, peering over his shoulder. She waited until he had finished, then she reached over, took the pencil, and in imitation of a child's sprawling print wrote "TEACHER" under the picture he had just finished. Their eyes met and they laughed, but only for a second, because she checked herself and said, "Oh! I shouldn't have done that!"

"Why on earth not?"

"Because it was impertinent. You see, you were doing just what I would have liked to do, and so I forgot you were a director and important and everything. I'm sorry."

Mansley put his head on one side and looked at her. She was standing, eyes lowered, hands clenched in front of her, looking like a child waiting to be scolded. Mansley reached out and took one of her hands and drew her toward him. He was smiling.

"My dear," he said, "I'm no more a director of Parkes-Fifth Avenue than you are." He got an enormous kick out of watching her expression as this sank in. It ran the whole gamut from surprise to shock, and then, to his astonishment, it took on a sort of awed, reverent look.

"I think you're wonderful," she said—"what you did for me."

"Oh, that was nothing," said Mansley. "Nothing at all." He chuckled.

The girl looked thoughtful. Then she said, "You mayn't be a director and things, but you're somebody terribly important. Who are you?"

Mansley looked out of the window. When he answered, his voice sounded a little strained, as though the words he was saying were new to it and so a little hard to speak.

"I'VE never told any one this before," he said. "I don't know why I'm telling you, except I feel I should." He sighed. "No, Miss Brown, I haven't any idea at all who I am. I call myself Seton Mansley because I think it's a nice name."

She nodded. That seemed to her the best reason in the world for him to call himself Seton Mansley. She said, "Is it fun? Not knowing, I mean."

He thought for a second, nodded. "Yes, it's been a lot of fun—in a good many places for a good many years."

"I thought not knowing might be," she said, "because I know just exactly who I am and it isn't any fun at all."

Mansley knew what she meant. He'd always been sorry for people who worked for a living. Their futures were so measured. They knew at twenty where they hoped to be when they were forty. He thought that was awful. He liked roads with curves in them.

Presently he stood up. "Well," he said, "let's go!"

"Where?"

"To buy the bathing suit, of course. Then we'll go to my yacht."

She shot him a look.

"You've been teasing me," she said. "I knew you were important. You have a yacht."

Mansley chuckled. "It's a land yacht." He sighed. "I'm afraid most people would call it a trailer."

"I'd love to see it." They walked out of the telegraph office. "I hope you'll like my lovely bathing suit. . . . Oh, my goodness, look at that! Now you'll have to get me fixed up all over again!"

MANSLEY looked. Pulled up in front of Parkes-Fifth Avenue on Worth Avenue was a car, an ordinary roadster, but in the rumble, lolling on its rump in the happy-go-lucky manner of its kind, was a large brown bear. On the driving seat, holding a leather strap that led to the bear with one hand and beckoning with the other, was Johnsy Hamilton. As he beckoned he weaved with a circular motion. It was rather interesting, because when most people weave they do it either from side to side or to and fro. With Hamilton the circular weave was an armor of defense. He contrived thus to make it look as though he were doing it on purpose—as though it were an eccentricity rather than a condition. He felt it kept people from knowing whether he had been drinking hard or whether he just looked that way.

"Hi, you in there!" He pointed in the doorway. "You with the nose glasses, come out here!"

Mr. Clayton, barely recovered, arrived in the doorway.

"You!" Johnsy Hamilton pointed at him. "Where's that girl with the coppery hair? I don't see her."

Clayton's voice, to his complete disgust, came out in a high treble. He was very upset.

"I gave her a day off," he squeaked. "Please go away, Mr. Hamilton."

But Johnsy Hamilton wasn't going away. Instead, with great dignity—genuine dignity—he stepped down from the car, taking the lead line with him. He approached Clayton and handed him the leash.

"Hold my bear," he said. "I'm going to look for her. I don't think I'll find her, because I think you're up to something."

"Mr. Hamilton, I assure you . . ."

"You look to me like the sort of fella who might be up to something. And it's important that I find her. I've got to apologize to her. *If* I pinched her. That isn't nice, is it?"

"Yes," said Clayton. He had meant, of course, to say "No." Hamilton took him up on it.

"So you're a pincher, eh?" he said. He turned to address the little crowd standing in the street. "A pincher," he said. "Watch out for him." Then, across the street, he caught the glint of sunlight on copper curls. He waded through the crowd to where Miss Brown was standing beside Mansley.

"I *am* so sorry," he said. "I had to find you. Couldn't get you out of my mind. Whether I did it or not, will you forgive me?"

Johnsy Hamilton looked sorry. He always looked a little sorry, but now he looked pathetically so.

Kathleen Brown laughed. "It was only in fun," she said. "I did have some trouble about it, but that's all fixed now. At least it *was* fixed."

Hamilton beamed at her. He had a smile that twisted his whole face because he wasn't a fluent smiler and so his face looked as though it were surprised at having a smile spread over it.

"Looky," he said. "We'll go to the Bath and Tennis and Pool and Lunch and Thing Club and have some champagne. Yes?"

"Oh!" said Miss Brown. "That would be perfectly wonderful!"

She glowed. Then suddenly she turned, put her hand on Mansley's arm and looked up into his eyes. "Should I?" she asked.

"Of *course* you should!" His eyes went a little moist again and he patted her hand. "How very sweet of you to ask me."

She leaned close to him. "Where can I find you? Because I do want to see your lovely trailer and show you my new bathing suit."

"Ocean Motel," he said. "It's fierce, but they absolutely refused to let me park it on the golf course at the Everglades Club."

"Should I stop and buy the bathing suit on the way to the club?"

"Of *course*. Have a good time."

Hamilton, who had been standing politely by, waiting to be introduced, held out his hand. "Good-by, sir," he said. Then he took the girl's arm and led her toward a taxi parked at the curb and started to help her into it.

"But your car and your bear?"

Hamilton smiled again. "They aren't really mine," he said. "I just borrowed them to show you. Let's go."

They got in and the cab drove off. Mansley said, "Well, well, well! What a splendid afternoon!" He looked off up the street where the taxi was growing smaller. "That girl needs me," he said. The thought pleased him very much, so he said it again. It gave him a feeling of such respectability that for a second he looked like a father, or rather like an old-fashioned photograph of a father, the fond eye, the stern troubled mouth. He squared his shoulders and walked to where he could catch a bus to the motel. If Miss Brown came to pay him a visit he wanted the trailer to look as neat and trim as she would expect it to look. Again he hated himself for being soft. He didn't approve of doing anything because of what somebody might think, one way or another. But this girl wasn't just somebody. She understood about trouble not having any right to happen on sunny days. To Mansley that meant more than a Phi Beta Kappa key.

KATHLEEN BROWN sat in her room staring out of the window at the palm trees that lined the

beach road. The palm trees, even though they were a little dusty and not anything like as fancy as the well-kept-up ones in the fashionable part of town, were much nicer to look at than the wretched walls and wretched straw carpet and wretched spotty ceiling of her room. She nearly always stared out of the window when she was at home.

She wasn't, of course, seeing the palm trees. She was, by craning her neck, seeing the sea beyond them, a sea purple in the quick twilight, and she was seeing beyond that all the pleasant things that had been happening to her since Seton Mansley had first patted her on the shoulder. They had left her breathless and a little frightened. Johnsy Hamilton had stormed into the still pond of her life like a Kansas twister, had lifted her high above the dull level of her daily routine and had left her floating there.

Kathleen Brown was a working girl. She had started at the bottom and worked up; literally, for her first job had been in a bargain basement. Swimming and cocktails and dancing at what Johnsy had called the Bath and Tennis and Pool and Lunch and Thing Club had been a disturbing experience.

It had the gay unreality of champagne drunk out of silver slippers at a Hapsburg hop.

FOR a little while Kathleen had lived in a dream. She would have liked to put the dream away in the same place that Mansley kept all the nice days he felt like buying. She could have if, when Johnsy dropped her at her wretched roominghouse, he hadn't said, "Funny bunny, you do things to me. I've been a long time finding you. How's about coming to dinner on board the Python tonight?"

That had frightened her. It hadn't made her afraid of him, but of herself. Like most girls who make their own way in the world, Kathleen had a strict code of behavior. Johnsy Hamilton made her feel like kicking out the slats of her kiddy coop and running wild. But he had seen that she was frightened.

"Looky," he'd said. "If you feel funny about coming alone, bring your father or your uncle—that distinguished old geezer with the face."

She had still hesitated, but he'd looked so sad and forlorn and anxious to have her that her resistance wore thin. He'd put his arm around her shoulders and given her a little hug.

"You don't have to let me know," he said. "It's a flexible feast. Come around nine thirty, if you can."

Kathleen had nodded. "I'd like to, if I can," she said. "If I bring my uncle with me, I think I can."

It wasn't really a lie. Johnsy had said Mr. Mansley was her uncle. She hadn't said it. Of course she wanted to go to dinner on Hamilton's yacht—if Mr. Mansley would come with her. It would be too frightening alone. Supposing she met people there who bought dresses from her at Parkes'. They might ask to have her thrown out. She had been a little afraid that might happen this afternoon. If it did happen tonight, Mr. Mansley would fix it. Suppose Johnsy's sister remembered her from the store. She wouldn't. She hadn't looked at anything except the pajamas she bought and the end of her nose pointing at the ceiling. But maybe Mr. Mansley wouldn't want to go. But he would. He looked as if he'd love to go to a party. She'd go and ask him right now.

Kathleen was just ready to leave her room when she heard a knock on

ERIC HATCH

born in New York City and raised on Long Island, has written for the movies off and on for nine years. He now spends part of each year in Beverly Hills and part on his boat in Long Island Sound. Addicted to ancient and complicated automobiles, he never drives one under ten years old.

the door and the deep-throated voice of her landlady called, "Package!"

Kathleen opened the door. The landlady handed over a big square box and a very small oblong box, and grunted. Kathleen, with shaking hands, took the packages into her room and set them on the bed. Then she opened them. The big one was a corsage of gardenias done up with a satin ribbon. In the little one, shining against the white velvet lining of a jeweler's box, was a tiny gold clover-leaf pin with the smallest diamond imaginable in its center. In the top of the box was a note written in pencil in a boyish scrawl. It said: "The cook left. We're having dinner at the Colony instead. Please come. The pin is for pinning my heart on your sleeve.—J. H."

Kathleen wanted to cry. She always wanted to cry at anything touching or sentimental. If it had been a big pin she would have been angry and would have sent it back, but it was such a little one that it was sort of pathetic—just the way she found Johnsy sort of pathetic because he was so rich and worked so hard and drank so much and seemed to be so unhappy underneath it. With an impulsive gesture she picked up the pin and kissed it. Then, even though she was quite alone, she blushed. Then she stuck the pin back in the box and put the box on her dresser and flung off her things and ducked into the closet for an evening dress.

THE motel was a few miles down the beach in the direction of Delray. In the daytime it was a little on the grim side, but at night, with lights glowing in the windows of the trailers, that were for the most part lined in streetlike rows, and with dim floodlights fastened high in the palm trees here and there, it took on a certain picturesqueness.

Kathleen found it pleasantly exciting. She paid off her taxi and stepped through the ornate gate, wondering how to go about finding Mansley. She saw some people sitting under a marquee attached to a trailer and went over and asked them. A man, brown and hard, in shirt sleeves, got up out of a camp chair and grinned.

"Sure I know where he is," he said. "It cost me five bucks to find out. He's at the horseshoe pitch."

Kathleen looked around.

"Over there," said the man. "I'll take you over if you'll swear not to let me pitch him again."

"Is he good?"

"When I left," said the man, "he was pitchin' 'em backward over his shoulder and scorin' ringers. I 'spect he's doin' it blindfolded now, 'less he's already cleaned everybody. He's quite a feller."

"Yes," said Kathleen, "he is."

SHE followed past several rows of trailers, then her guide turned toward the beach.

"He's so polite," said the man, "he makes it seem almost like he was doin' you a favor takin' your money."

They came in sight of the horseshoe pitch then. It was on the beach and lighted by two strong floodlights. A crowd of shirt-sleeved men of all ages and a few women wearing slacks and shirts were standing around. At one end of the pitch Seton Mansley was crouched low to the ground. He was, satorially, completely in pieces. The white flannels and blue jacket had given place to worn khaki pants and a plain undershirt. Sweat rolled from his face and bare shoulders and, as predicted, he was blindfolded. He pitched, and his horseshoe rose, arched through the air, and settled with a clink squarely around the iron post. The crowd applauded as he whipped the handkerchief from his eyes. A man, the counterpart of Kathleen's guide, stepped forward.

"Doc," he said, "you win."

He handed over a ten-dollar bill. Mansley, panting, wiped his dripping forehead.

"I really shouldn't take this," he said, stuffing the bill into his pocket. "I was betting on a sure thing."

The man grinned. "I thought *I* was," he said. "I slipped you an underweight shoe."

Mansley's whole body shook with his chuckling.

"You mean this one?" he said, and reached inside his belt and produced a horseshoe. Then he saw Kathleen and, startled, shook his head so that water sprayed from it in a shower. He somehow hadn't expected to see her done up in a sea-green evening dress with a corsage of gardenias on her shoulder. She looked, with the floodlights glinting in her eyes and on the paste-diamond-and-emerald clips in her hair, perfectly lovely. The men and women there, following Mansley's gaze, murmured in surprise, and looked from Kathleen to him the way people watching a magician's act look from the magician to

the inevitably pretty assistant. They rather expected he would shortly saw her in two, though they thought just making her appear like that was a pretty good trick in itself.

Kathleen was completely unconscious of the sensation she was causing, and came forward and held out her hand.

"Oh, Mr. Mansley," she said, "I hope I'm not disturbing you, because I've come to ask you to be my uncle and go to a party. That was a lovely pitch."

As she shook hands with Mansley she smiled at the people near by as though asking them if they didn't think so too. Her smile had such a friendly quality that even the man who'd lost the ten dollars smiled back at her. Mansley's mind was still on horseshoes. He said, "Uncle—party," and then said it again.

"With Johnsy," said Kathleen. "He asked me especially to bring you. The bathing suit was wonderful."

Mansley was himself again. For one thing, he'd cooled off some; for another, he'd come out of his almost trancelike state of concentration.

"He liked it?"

Kathleen's eyes laughed at him. "He took one of the rubber flowers and wore it in his buttonhole. Can we go and see your trailer now?"

MANSLEY nodded and led the way to a trailer parked on the edge of the beach. It was like all the other trailers except that it was a little less travel-worn and was a little brighter and better painted than most. Inside it was tidy as a new bride's nest. It consisted of one large room with sofas at either end that unfolded into double berths; a desk and a bookshelf snuggled against the walls that looked as though they were paneled in shiny mahogany; a table and one armchair. In the mid-section on the left side were a miniature bathroom and kitchen. It managed, in spite of its size, to give off an atmosphere of luxury.

Kathleen let out a small sound of delight. "Oh, it's lovely!" she said.

Mansley looked almost coy, he was so pleased. This was, after all, his home. It was more than that, really, because it was all he had, the only thing he had to love and to worry about and to take care of. He prided himself on the way all his life he'd ducked responsibilities; but with nothing whatever to worry about a man is lonely; a flealess dog. This girl liked his trailer and he liked this girl better and better.

"Now if you'll sit down over there on the sofa," he told her, "and stop popping things out at me suddenly and just quietly try to tell me what it's all about, I'll—I'll be very grateful."

He opened a locker under one of the sofas, got out a bright yellow turtleneck sweater and pulled it on. In spite of the khaki pants, it made him look again like the sort of man doormen spoke to.

"I saw a man pitch horseshoes blindfolded when the circus came to Waterford when I was little," said Kathleen. "It said he was the only one in the world who could do it."

Mansley nodded. "That's right. He was."

"But you can do it."

He nodded again. "That was a long time ago," he said, "but I still can."

"Well!" said Kathleen breathlessly. "I think this is the most wonderful thing that ever happened. Here, a thousand miles from civilization, the one person who helps me out when I'm in trouble, and it turns out I knew him when I was a little girl!"

"Amazing, isn't it?" smiled Mansley.

"Yes, it is amazing," said Kathleen. She cupped her hands under her chin, rested her elbows on her knees, and stared at him. "Don't you think life is amazing, though? I mean, one thing happens one minute and then the very next minute something else happens."

"As pretty a summing up," said Mansley, "as I've ever heard. Now *what* about all this Johnsy Hamilton-party-uncle business?"

She told him then about her afternoon and about the note, and showed him the little gold pin. She talked intensely, making her feelings toward Johnsy much clearer to him than they were to her. It was obvious that she wanted more than anything in the world to go on this party and wouldn't go unless he went with her.

Mansley heard her out, and before commenting he got up, pulled out what looked to be a drawer in the desk and was really a liquor cabinet, and began doing things with gin and vermouth, but doing them in what he considered suitable proportions for the young, which was approximately one tenth the strength of what he considered suitable proportions for himself. Then he went into the kitchen and came back with some ice and glasses. He was thinking and he was troubled. He knew too much about life and about people. When he had finished mixing the cocktail, he handed it to her. Then he poured a few drops into the other glass for himself, filled it up with gin, and sat down again. Then he looked at her.

KATHLEEN," he said, "if you had a mother or a father and they knew you were sitting here with me, their hair would turn white."

"Overnight," said Kathleen, smiling. "But it's still just evening."

"I'm trying to warn you," said Mansley softly. "You see, I'm not really a very nice person. I am, in fact, a thoroughly wicked person. I do anything I feel like whenever I happen to feel like it. Always have. No, definitely I am not nice."

"You've been nice to *me*."

"That's your fault," said Mansley, "not mine. Now listen. I'm trying to tell you, please, for your own sake, not to come to me for advice. My advice is perfectly awful. *I* know that you shouldn't ever see Johnsy Hamilton again. *I* know that sort of man doesn't marry every girl he plays around with. I know you'll probably lose your job and won't be able to get another, and I know what it's like to be hungry. I know if you get mixed up with me and pretend I'm your uncle and we go whooping it up with Johnsy Hamilton's crowd, you're done for. I *know* these things, do you understand?"

Kathleen's face was growing sadder and sadder and her lovely black-pansy eyes were getting dewy. The mention of losing her job was what did it. That was the ghost that stalked always in the background of her life.

"My job," she said. "I mustn't lose *that*."

Mansley was smiling. "Oh, I suppose I *could* take care of you somehow—if you lost it because of me," he said. "I'd hate it like poison, but I could. Do you understand what I've been saying, my dear?"

SHE nodded seriously and said, "Now tell me what I ought to do."

Mansley laughed and raised his glass. "Why," he said, "you ought to finish your cocktail and then go outside and sit on the step while I get dressed, and then we'll start."

Kathleen jumped in surprise. "Do you mean that you'll really come with me and that I'm to go to the party?"

"Certainly!" Mansley said. "How can you possibly get any fun out of life if you don't go to parties? Work! Work, work, work, and marry some awful washout like Clayton and then work for him—for nothing! Of course we'll go to the party. We'll go to a party every time we get a chance. That's what they're for. Now go on outside."

She stepped out onto the sand and looked at the ocean. Presently Mansley heard her singing. It seemed queer to him, hearing a girl singing on his doorstep. She couldn't sing worth a hoot either. Maybe that was why it sounded so pleasant. Most of the things he liked were a little off key one way or another. He sighed.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," he said, "if she were my daughter!" He lit a cigarette, blew clouds of smoke at one of the reading lamps. "After all, maybe she is. *I* don't know who I am. Maybe I *am* her father." He laughed at himself then and said, "No, of course it doesn't work that way, does it?" He strolled across the room and stared at himself in a round mirror that hung on one wall. "Mansley," he said in a deep voice, "you're a wicked old man, you hear? But, by heaven, sir, I like you. You've got nice instincts—like that girl. See to it that you take good care of her!"

Mansley straightened. Then he nodded. "O. K., Seton," he said. "I will."

Will Mansley be able to take care of Kathleen? Will she want him to, with her heart so full of Johnsy Hamilton? Follow these lighthearted adventurers into the gay social life of Palm Beach. Exciting things happen in next week's chapter!

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BLITZKRIEG MADE IN U.S.A.

America's loss, Hitler's gain —Here are amazing facts for you to ponder!

BY WALTER KARIG

HOWEVER deeply other peoples hate, despise, and fear them, the Nazis also seem to have the respect of the world for the efficiency with which they wage war, and "the German genius for organization" is remarked with grudging admiration by Hitler's most implacable enemies.

But it is all phony.

Not so long ago the United States Army reorganized its basic operations program to pivot upon mechanized divisions. The nation's newspapers forthwith announced that the army was adopting the German "Panzer" idea.

Nothing of the sort. The army was just catching up with itself. Hitler was still a ludicrous Charlie Chaplin character in a dirty old trench coat when Colonel—now Major General—James Kelly Parsons invented the method of war-making which has enabled the Nazis to bowl over Poland, Holland, Belgium, and France. His plan was stuffed in the War Department's files. Maybe he was given an "A" for doing his homework well, but his scheme of using tanks for the spearhead of military attack was evidently regarded as something in a class with the warfare portrayed in the Buck Rogers comic strip.

The truth is that Germany has conquered Europe with a bunch of secondhand ideas, mostly ideas discarded by the United States, and thrown away without trial, at that.

Even the fundamental machines of the Nazis' awe-inspiring armies are not German inventions. The airplane is an American invention, as everybody knows, and it was not invented as an instrument of warfare. The tank is a British invention, based upon the American-invented caterpillar tractor, and the tank was not designed as a weapon, either. Tanks were first built to carry water and provisions to British military outposts in the Sudanese desert, whose shifting sands make road building impossible, and where bandits were given to sniping at camels and might puncture unarmored conveyances.

Tank and airplane combined made their German adapters irresistible. Hitler's field marshals and generals used machines invented by others, methods invented by others, and—took half the world away from the others.

Even parachute troops are an American invention—discarded, of course. A dozen years ago, when England, France, the United States, Germany, Italy, and Japan were tossing peace and disarmament treaties at each other, the United States Army's air corps was dropping soldiers with machine guns from airplanes at Kelly Field in Texas. It was demonstrated, under supervision of Master Sergeant E. H. Nichols, since deceased, that parachute troops could have their old-fashioned machine guns mounted and firing within twenty seconds after they landed.

The brief mention this "stunt" received passed unnoticed by most of the world. Only the German military attachés attached to the diplomatic corps in Washington realized that here was a technique that might change warfare radically. The information was forwarded to Berlin. Stalin's spies picked up the idea too, and the Soviets tried it out and found it good. In fact, at the Russian Embassy in Washington in 1934 they showed motion pictures of maneuvers in which 3,000 men were dropped behind a make - believe enemy's lines. In the audience were Japanese military and naval attachés, Frenchmen, Britons, Scandinavians, Balts, and American army and navy officers. Also your correspondent, who talked with some of the military guests. Their opinion can be summed up thus; "It makes an entertaining movie, but it just isn't warfare."

A few weeks ago the United States was shocked to hear that less than one hundred of its thousands of airplanes were "modern" simply because they lacked two improvements installed by the Germans. Our airplanes were as fast or faster and were more maneuverable than the Nazi aircraft, but they were vulnerable to one well placed bullet from an enemy's machine gun—one bullet out of the 1,800 a minute the modern combat plane sprays forth; one bullet tearing through the flimsy nacelle to strike the pilot, or piercing the fuel tank and setting it ablaze.

The Nazis had armored cockpits to protect their pilots, and had bullet-proof gasoline tanks.

A German idea? Not a bit of it.

Discarded American inventions!

In the World War of 1914-18 America's flyers had to use French or British airplanes. Not until the closing days of the war did an American-made airplane take off from French soil. But the Americans

looked at this invention of theirs which had been drafted into such hideous use, and they saw that Europe's militarists had overlooked things that might make cloudland combats a little less dangerous. So they gave American pilots metal shields to deflect bullets fired at anything but point-blank range. They boondoggled around with the idea of bullet-resisting gasoline tanks, and Dr. Alexis Carrel turned up with the suggestion of rubber-lined fuel containers which would seal themselves instantly after being pierced.

American pilots cleared the air of German squadrons, thereafter, in airplanes that were just about as bulletproof as they can be built today, although modern alloys make the armor lighter. But 1918 gasoline and 1918 rubber impaired each other after a few hours, and so the self-sealing gasoline tank was discarded. Long after the two materials were improved by modern chemistry, the good idea remained forgotten—by all but the Germans.

The Heinkels and Stukas and Messerschmitts sailed through hailstorms of bullets in their raids over England and France, and nobody guessed how they could until a few were captured intact. Armored cockpits! Self-sealing, bulletproof gas tanks! How amazing! Damned clever, these Nazis—no?

No. Only clever enough to know a good idea when they see another fellow give birth to it.

Whose army was it that first demonstrated that airplanes could sink warships? Our own, and in the 1920s, after Germany had been disarmed by the Versailles Treaty. Brigadier General William Mitchell showed 'em, but they—the high command of the American Army and Navy, and President Coolidge—would not be shown. They kicked Billy Mitchell out to shut him up. Mitchell has been thoroughly vindicated in the past four months, and perhaps rests easier in his grave.

LET'S go back to the tanks—not gas tanks, but the land battleships that broke the lines and sunk France. The British invented the tank thirty years or more ago. Not until 1916 did they start putting guns in tanks and using them in battle, on the Somme. Not until 1917 did they use them in sufficient numbers to win—for the time being—a surprising and crushing victory, at Cambrai. Those tanks, however, were turtles for speed. The mile-a-minute tank, or at least the gear-and-tread system that enables the land battleships to go hurtling cross country, was invented in the United States.

It was the French who supplied Hitler with the idea of the super-tank. France built some 70-ton jobs, and discarded them, generously informing the world that they were too unwieldy, too heavy for France's fine roads, and too good targets for artillery. But the Germans went ahead and built 80-tonners whose weight was in armor and three-inch guns, not in bulk. What they did to France's fine roads wasn't going to bother Hitler. In Germany they were transported on flatcars.

How did the Germans get all this information?

Well, there is the quaintly chivalrous old custom of exchanging military information among countries. Every country of any consequence maintains military and naval attachés in the major foreign capitals. When nation X holds its annual maneuvers, the attachés of nations A, B, C. Y, and Z are invited to go along and watch. Except for super-secrets, the visitors are treated just like members of the family. (But in Germany and Japan, everything was a super-secret, and what the guests were allowed to see was just a routine, copybook military show.

OF course, experiments that have been discarded are no secrets. Thus a French officer might have said to a German visitor: "Those thirty-ton tanks of ours are quite nice, don't you think? We tried some twice as big, but they used up too much gas and gouged holes in the macadam and were marks for artillery at close range." Whereupon Herr Capitan-Leutnant Spritz would have made a mental note.

Or an American officer might have regaled Herr Capitan Dinglehoofer with the story of the parachute-troops experiment, concluding: "It might be practical if a nation had five or six thousand airplanes, of course. But we've had enough shop talk. How about a little rye?"

American and British newspapers, as the Germans themselves have boasted, are prime sources for important military information. How many reporters do you suppose Hitler would have invited along had he been in charge of the recent experiments in Maryland with liquid-oxygen bombs? And then there is the United States Patent Office, whose records are open to anybody, with helpers provided by the government for seekers of information.

"I'd like to see the records on devices to land parcels by parachute from airplanes," says a polite gentleman, perhaps, to a Patent Office clerk. "I want to see if my invention conflicts with any patents."

"Oh, you mean Patent No. 1,944,801, granted in 1934 to E. H. Nichols," the clerk perhaps answers. "It's a carrier designed to supply articles by parachute to troops."

"I don't think that is what I want," says the wily visitor. "I am inventing a carrier to deliver fresh eggs to roadside restaurants. But maybe I had better take a look at Herr Nichols' gadget."

So he takes a look, buys a copy of the patent for a few cents—and Herr Hitler's military savants are shortly a lot wiser.

I don't say that actually happened, but such a thing could have, and probably has in hundreds of instances. Most military inventions are patented by private citizens. The army and navy researchers do not patent their discoveries, just to avoid putting them on record. Many inventors offer their new designs to the army or navy before patenting them; but if they are disregarded, or if the military says it is a good idea but unfortunately there is no money to pay for it, then the inventor applies for a patent and tries to sell his gun or what-have-you to a foreign customer. Inventors have to eat and pay rent, after all.

However, it is not only in the instruments of warfare that the Nazis have capitalized on the experiments of their potential enemies. The *method* of warfare they employed from the start is based on American strategy as old as the Civil War.

Among Germany's military heroes are three great leaders of the Confederacy, Generals Nathan Bedford Forrest, J. E. B. Stuart, and "Stonewall" Jackson. General Forrest's famous summation and definition of strategy, "*Git thar fustest with the mostest men*," is just what won for Hitler every battle from the Vistula to the Aisne. He got there first with the most men. In more military terms, he chose the field of battle, and thus kept his opponents forever on the defensive.

FORREST and Stuart were cavalry officers. Jackson was an artilleryman. The tank, especially when it carries three-inch guns, is a combination of these two arms of the service. German cadet officers know, as if they had been present, Jackson's successful strategy in turning back the Union tide that was threatening to engulf Richmond in May, 1862. His feint against Strasburg, followed by his bone-crushing wallop against Winchester, which reversed the whole trend of battle and put Washington in jeopardy, has been well studied by Hitler's generals. The whole Battle of the Bulge in France was just Stonewall Jackson on a huge scale, many times repeated.

"Jeb" Stuart's famous raids were imitated in detail by the Nazi invaders of Belgium and France. There were scores of parallels to Stuart's enveloping action against McClellan at the start of the Seven Days' Battle, also in 1862. The essential difference is that the Germans used tanks. The tactics were identical: hit hard, break through, and sweep around behind the enemy's rear. Old stuff, good old American stuff. So old we haven't had much use for it ourselves. The United States—and Britain and France—couldn't be eighty years behind the times. Just twenty-one years behind the times, that's all.

So there is Blitzkrieg for you. "Made in the U. S. A." and swiped intact by Herr Hitler, with what results everybody knows.

THE END

Is it Good-by College Football?

An old grad searchingly eyes the pros and cons of a $50,000,000 sport

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BY "YANKEE STADE"

BACK in Knute Rockne's time there used to be a wisecrack that Midwest football was divided into four major leagues: the Big Ten, the Big Seven, the Big Six, and the Big One—which meant Notre Dame.

This year a new number is up, the Big Nine—for Chicago University has dropped out of the Big Ten.

In educational circles the blow which Robert Maynard Hutchins, Chicago's president, struck at football was not unforeseen, and therefore was comparatively painless. It was hardly to be expected, however, that we football fans, who number millions, would take Chicago's defection so lightly. All summer long there has been plenty of acrimonious discussion of the Hutchins offensive.

Too much emphasis, perhaps, has fallen on the fact that Chicago football had already died on its feet long before young Dr. Hutchins called in the coroner. In three seasons, 1936, 1937, 1938, the university which Amos Alonzo Stagg made football-famous did not win a game from its Big Ten rivals; and last year the Maroons had 308 points scored against them. "No wonder they quit!" has been a common comment.

But inept football teams at Chicago did not bring about Bob Hutchins' attitude; it was his attitude that brought about inept teams.

Six years ago this fall Chicago's Jay Berwanger and a team of modern-day giants were galloping down Chicago's Midway Plaisance to victory over Ann Arbor's best. But the end had already begun. Berwanger and his mates were the last Maroons to have known the magic touch of Stagg. In deference to a faculty retirement rule, he had been allowed to drift away to the Pacific coast, where today, at seventy-eight, he is still producing winning teams from student bodies not one tenth the size of Chicago's; and back on the Midway was firmly settled in the presidential saddle thirty-five-year-old Bob Hutchins, who held that "football has been a major handicap to education in the United States."

Five years later football at Chicago died the death that Hutchins had planned for it. "I think it is a good thing for the country," he said, "to have one important university discontinue football."

Many football fans have been dismissing the Hutchins experiment with the comment: "Let him try it. He'll be back." For important colleges have dropped football before. They have almost invariably come back promptly to the fold. The student bodies have demanded it. But times change, and student bodies change with them. When President Hutchins made his epochal announcement before two thousand students, it was received with "thunderous cheers." That is enough to make all of us extremely thoughtful.

Will many other colleges, watching what happens at Chicago, seriously consider abandoning the game of football in the highly commercial form in which we now have it?

It must be remembered that those defections from the game in former years were the result of certain highly publicized "evils" which seemed important only to timorous parents and professorial purists, and not to undergraduates—such as, for example, that football was a rough game. It is still a rough game. Authorities place the annual toll of crippled between 60,000 and 75,000, the number hurt badly enough to require some medical attention at 100,000—a third of the total number who

play. The shortest-memoried football fan remembers Don Herring, who last year gave his leg for dear old Princeton. Longer-memoried ones recall that October day when West Point Cadet Richard Brinsley Sheridan was fatally hurt in the Yale Bowl.

But in a war-rocked world all but the most timorous of parents seem to have accepted danger on the football field as one of the minor hazards of human existence.

Then there was the time when people seemed to get very much stirred up over the question of maintaining amateur standards in college athletics. Amateur standards! How quaint and musty that phrase sounds in these days! Hutchins himself really bases his decision on much wider and firmer ground—namely, that the business of an educational institution is to educate, and anything that is a major handicap to carrying on that business—as he believes football in its present commercialized state is — should be pushed resolutely out of the way.

IT is impossible for any one to disagree—if football *is* a "major handicap." Even the sports writers had to admit that Hutchins made out a strong case. He conceded that football could benefit participants, and could benefit a university. But he concluded that "these advantages are of two sorts: either they are not peculiar to football, or they accrue only when the football team wins." And he added: "Though football is a wonderful game for the spectator, it is not so good for the participant as many other sports. It is time-consuming, and the time is consumed just when the player ought to be devoting himself to the new courses begun with the opening of the academic year."

His arguments will, if proved true, have a much more lasting effect than the arguments of past years. Already both opponents and advocates of the college game are asking: If the Hutchins plan is successful, if the enrollments keep up, if the endowments keep up, will other universities follow Chicago's example?

Final answers on some of these points must necessarily wait on the result of the Chicago experiment, but fortunately it is possible to give definite forecasts on others. One common theory is that enrollment in a college goes up or down with the success or failure of its football team. A professorial fellow in the Middle West —not Hutchins—has done a little figuring on this point. He got the statistics from eight of those big universities which comprised that same Western Conference, "the Big Ten," from which Chicago has withdrawn. The other two would not give him the information. These figures showed, naturally enough, a fairly consistent gain in enrollment over a twenty-year period, but they showed no discernible relation whatsoever between the rate of increase and the success or failure of the football teams during the preceding seasons. Such figures certainly indicate that there cannot be much percentage for any one in going on staging, *for publicity reasons only*, contests in branches of sport in which there is not sufficient interest among the students themselves to make them self-supporting.

And that, we must admit, is just what is happening right now, and has been happening in college football ever since college presidents and athletic committees staked their all on a continuance of prosperity, which, they reasoned, could best be fostered by the adoption of the vigorous boosting methods of commercial business.

That the head cap-and-gowners guessed wrong was demonstrated almost immediately. Said the report of the Carnegie Foundation in the early years of the depression—and in most details it is even truer today: "At present, two forces threaten the college game. Over neither of them has the college the slightest control. The first of these forces is the caprice of the public. . . . Today college football is declining in popularity with the sporting world in general. Only games played by the most skillful of teams are judged worth the high admission charges. . . . The second force is professional football. Already, numbers of football enthusiasts prefer the economical skill, the mature precision, the finesse and the art of the professional game. . . ."

NOW, the Carnegie Foundation is not against colleges or college athletics, and neither is "Yankee Stade." The latter is an old grad himself and in his time he did his modest bit athletically for the old alma mater. He loved exercise and competition then, and he does now. He wouldn't like to see them vanish from schoolboy life. And, even if the present giant hippodrome exhibitions are abandoned, he doesn't see any reason why they should.

There is certainly nothing in the Hutchins proposal which says that they should. The statement issued by his Board of Trustees clearly states that "the university believes in athletics" and definitely promises that it "will continue to promote intramural sports and will encourage all the students to participate in them." Obviously, if Chicago brings about the participation of anything like "all the students" in any kind of physical exercise. This may well mean the end of commercially exploited college athletics.

As to intercollegiate football, under the present system less than 6 per cent of the students enrolled in American colleges take part in this $50,000,000 sport; in the larger colleges, less than 1 per cent. The figures in some of the less prominent sports show conclusively that if public intercollegiate contests in football, baseball, basketball, hockey, rowing, and track were abolished tomorrow forever, the physical life of the American college boy would go on substantially undisturbed.

Think how often we are told that it is football and football only which makes possible "athletics for all." Whenever the cry goes up against the commercialism of the big football gate, college presidents piously explain how the huge football profits are used to provide healthful exercise for the great body of undergraduates in other games.

That is just plain blah. A portion of the football profit does go to making up the deficits caused by the maintenance of expensive teams to represent the college in other intercollegiate sports. But all that has nothing to do with "athletics *for all*."

Ohio State, in a year of $275,000 football receipts, spent $13,000 on intramural athletics; that is, sports for the general run of students to enjoy among themselves. In the same year, Leland Stanford took in $194,000 and spent $7,500 on intramural activities. And the chances are that, in most institutions, even such measly sums as these don't come out of the football receipts. In "Yankee Stade's" day, when he and his friends wanted to have any fun in athletic contests, class against class or group against group, they had to pass the hat among themselves. The boys of 1940 tell him that this condition remains practically unchanged. In other words, the $50,000,000 that we customers pay in at the football gate does not go into making any considerable percentage of our college boys strong and healthy and sportsmanlike. It goes into supporting still other show-window spectacles in which, as a matter of fact, students generally have very little interest.

THE whole thing has grown, perhaps without anybody's full realization, into a mammoth advertising scheme, and one which, according to the figures, doesn't advertise the right way.

It has even been suggested that the advertising elevens be put on a strictly professional, paid basis, so that the boys would not be prevented, by the necessity of giving *some* time to their studies, from putting on a really high-class exhibition.

A more acceptable plan, perhaps, would be to declare a moratorium on these costly gladiatorial spectacles, on these money-devouring college circuses—in fact, on all public intercollegiate contests—for the period of one year. "Yankee Stade" does not present this idea as a permanent solution of the college athletics problem, but rather as a breathing space in which to find the permanent solution. In the heat of battle nothing is likely to be found to give intercollegiate sport the house cleaning it needs. Perhaps, with "time out" for at least a year, something *would* be found.

There is also just the possibility that the whole college world might benefit, in some rather important ethical and spiritual way, if the show-window part of its athletic program were given a year's rest.

THE END

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

Her eyes had such light in them as could never be put out. I knelt beside her.

the Glory of going on

A poignant, memorable story of women and war—and a man's dream of immortality

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

OLD Hector rowed across the narrow waters of the Kyle with the strong slow strokes whose rhythm sounded in my ears like the echo of a bygone song. Time, I thought, was a queer business. It seemed only yesterday that Hector had brought me to the island half alive, and that half of me only aware of pain and bitterness. Actually, it was twenty years and more. I'd been little more than a boy. But a boy's life can be long enough to sicken him of living.

I saw Hector smiling to himself. It pleased the old man that I had come back not dressed in the breeks of the godless Sassenach but kilted in the tartan sett of our own clan. For a McEwen was a McEwen, whether he was Hector the fisherman or Rory the airman.

"The years ha' made a fine upstanding mon of ye," he said—"a licht for ony lassie's een."

"What lassie?" I asked.

He did not deign to answer. The boat's keel had grated on the mist-shrouded shore, and I jumped into shallow water and, slinging my gear over my shoulder, began to climb the steeply winding sheep track.

"Guid fushin'!" Hector called slyly after me.

With a rough invisible hand a sudden wind tore the mist to tatters. Above me a narrow glen led between the hills, and on a spur of rock jutting over my path a woman stood and looked down at me. The drifting mist carried the ends of her yellow scarf behind her like the wings of a bird poised for sudden flight. And she stood so still I might have passed her by. I think it was her eyes that drew mine to her.

I swept off my bonnet.

"You're my Margaret, aren't you?"

"Yes, Rory McEwen."

So she knew me, too. We stood there looking at each other straightly, with a strange gravity. The mist closed in on us again. The world was

shut out from us. I had read of things like that happening—in fairy stories. Now they were happening to me. It was like a bolt of lightning blasting open the closed dark place in my heart. I knew why I had kept away all those years. I'd been afraid. I knew why I had come back. You can call it destiny or instinct or what you will. Whatever it was, it had bided its time. Now its time had come—for me, at least.

"The last time I saw you, Margaret," I told her, "you were a little girl—so high."

"And you were a dark handsome young man—terribly grim—"

"You stood just where you are standing now. You waved me goodby. It's as though you'd never moved—just grown up."

"Maybe," she said, half shy, half mocking, "I've been here waiting for you—"

At that I climbed the rock to her. I'd meant to kiss her lightly, teasingly, like the child friend she had been to me. I took her by the shoulders and kissed her cheek, and then her eyes, then suddenly and fiercely her mouth. She felt delicate and frail. But if I hurt her she gave no sign. She leaned against me, her cheek to my rough plaid.

At last we drew away from each other—breathless, overwhelmed, almost afraid. But very sure.

"Margaret—I shouldn't have done that—I'm sorry—I didn't mean—"

"Didn't you?"

"Yes—I did," I said, laughing.

"I'm glad," she said. "Because I know now. It's true. I was waiting for you."

WE did not tell her father, the old doctor, for many days. We were shy of what had happened to us. But one night, after a long day's fishing, I sat with him by the peat fire. Between us was Margaret's chair. She had just left it, but it was still bright with her presence.

"Good night, my darling," she had said, and as I held the door open for her she had put her slim hands on my shoulders and kissed me. I could feel the doctor watching me from under the shadow of his hand.

"So that's how it is between you two," he said.

"Aye—that's how it is."

"Fast work," he said. "I courted her mother for five years."

"I've courted Margaret for eighteen."

"Long-distance," he commented dryly.

"We've discovered wireless since your day."

I stood up against the fire. "It's been that way for us from the first," I said—"only I didn't dare to know it until now."

"I think she's always known it."

"She must have felt I belonged to her. At least, she had saved my life."

"I thought I'd saved it," he said grimly.

I grinned at him.

"You did your bit. You patched up a wreck that the military doctors were ready to throw on the scrap heap. But I had another sort of hurt you didn't know about. I couldn't have told you then. It was too bad. I'd set my teeth on it till they ached—till I wasn't quite sane. A boy takes some things harder than a grown man."

"Women, for instance."

"A woman," I said. "My wife." I waited a moment. "You've got a right to know about her now."

He did not insist. I don't know whether he was even surprised. "Her name was Pauline Travers." I went on: "She and I met one night in an air raid. And the next day we were married—"

ARE you always so sudden?" he asked a little mockingly.

"It seems my fate to be pressed for time," I retorted. "I was due back at the front in a week. It might have been all the time I was to have. When I left her I was a fine young hero. When I got back to her I was a cringing, whimpering wreck. She didn't like it. She didn't like pain any better than I did. But I couldn't run away from it—and she could. So she ran. And I dragged myself here—to my good kinsman who had promised to put my carcass on its feet. Well, you did. My heart and mind were gangrened, but my feet were fine.

"One day they took me up to Loch Kerran. I meant to chuck myself in and swim till I couldn't get back. But there I found Margaret casting with the baby rod you'd given her, and whipping the water so as to frighten the silliest young trout. I couldn't stand for that. I spent hours teaching her the right flick of the wrist and forgetting to be sorry for myself. Afterwards I found that she could cast better than Hector himself. She was just a kid—twelve years old. But she knew how to handle a rod and a crude, half-mad boy." I waited again. But the doctor left me to blunder on to the end. "Well, you two and Hector mended me—after a fashion. I went with my squadron to India. I believe I sent you picture post cards as an expression of my gratitude."

"She kept them," Dr. McEwen said. "I found them—once when she was very ill. She asked for them—"

I felt the blood rise to the roots of my hair.

"I wanted to come back. But a boy married and divorced at twenty is like a badly broken-in colt. Afterward he shies at his own stable. I didn't want to be hurt again."

"Well, all that's over—gone with the rest of the war-madness." The doctor bent over the fire and stirred the sweet-scented peat to a clearer blaze. "There's something *I* have to tell *you* too, Rory," he said.

"Whatever it is, it will make no difference."

"Maybe not. You've got to hear it. I know my Margaret. I've had the care of her. She's frail, Rory. Without stress and strain she'll last to be an old woman to bear you company. But she'll not bear you a child—not without risk to her own life. That's a fact you, most of all, must face and reckon with."

"What do I want with a child?" I asked, suddenly angry. "It's Margaret herself I want."

"We mortals hunger for immortality." The doctor quoted wryly, "'The glory of going on and still to be—' And you're a very mortal man, Rory McEwen."

I laughed at him.

"I've had that sort of immortality—for what it's worth. I've a son somewhere—born in that first year when I was festering in a German hospital. He must be a boy at school now—"

"You've never seen him—or her, since?"

"No, nor ever wanted to. She married some stout fellow too smart to get himself killed or wounded. Some one by name of Carmichael."

"Does Margaret know?" her father asked me.

"Yes. I think she understands—better than I do—"

"Then there's nothing more to say."

"Only that I've sent in my papers. Fighting days are over. I shall buy Somerled's farm over at Dunbost. We shall be near you."

The doctor turned down the oil lamp. "Thank you, Rory," he said. "I doubt if I could have borne her going—or if she could have thrived away from her island—even with you. I give you"—he smiled a little—"into her safekeeping."

THE crofters had come down from their scattered shieldings to listen to our radio. When that measured, disembodied voice commended them to God, they stiffened as they did in the kirk. For they did not bow their heads either to God or king. In the following silence they began to go as they had come, without talk, with a bare nod to their nearest kin. War, like death and the storms that broke on our fierce coasts, was a dark but accepted fact in a man's living.

Old Hector, with his stocky tow-headed son at his heels, nudged me as he passed. His faded blue eyes rested on Margaret at my side with a sly, kindly reassurance.

"Ye'll ha' no cause to greet for that mon of yours, Margaret McEwen," he said. "He's done his bit. He and me can still go fushin'."

I followed them to the door and watched them go their silent ways. It was a clear September morning. Sea gulls, like happy children, played in the quiet air. I had never seen my world more beautiful.

Yes, I can go fishing, I thought wryly.

But another Rory, a young Rory as I had been, would go to war. The sudden realization gave me a sense of physical shock, almost of dislocation, as though something within my mind had exploded, blowing a dream

to fragments. Tomorrow, surely, it was *I* who would be going to France—back to my squadron. But then I looked down at my hands, and the fragments settled into their familiar pattern. My hands had changed. They no longer showed the fine-drawn febrile strength of youth. They were a man's hands, broad and sinewy and a little stiffened.

Margaret came and stood close beside me. I felt the warmth and peace in her flow through my startled body. She was a rather silent woman, but the understanding that ran between us like a deep underground river made me unaware that she had not spoken.

"So it's come again," I said.

"Perhaps it's been with us all the time—out of sight, waiting to pounce when we were lulled to sleep."

"When the last show started," I went on, more to myself than to her, "I was a boy at school. When it was over I had a wife and a son and a hole in me the size of a man's fist. Things happened fast in those days."

"Did you love her very much, Rory?"

SHE'D never asked me that before. I tried to remember. And the trying seemed to throw me back into deeper confusion.

"I don't think love had much to do with it," I said. "We were both terrified—of being young, of being cheated of life. I can see now that it wasn't Pauline's fault—or mine either. She married a hero in uniform. She found she might have to live with a wreck in shabby civvies. She couldn't face it."

"But there was your son."

"Oh, he was her son. We agreed on that much. He was just a fragment of me thrown off in a moment of irresponsible panic. I had no claim on him." I calculated a moment. "He must be just the age I was," I said.

It was as though I had claimed equality with him. I turned to Margaret. I think I had expected to find a little girl beside me. But the little girl had become a slender, delicate woman. As I kissed her I thought, We've had four perfect years together, and that perhaps, in the reckoning of man's happiness, we had had a lifetime.

She left me, so I went across to the great headland that thrust out into the sea like the prow of a ship, threw myself down on the short turf. The sea gulls wheeling overhead were not like children to me now. They were like young airmen, swooping and turning, riding the air currents. I thought, I'm a better man than I was in those days. I know a trick or two I could teach those young cubs—if they'd let me.

It was late when I got back. Margaret had not lit the lamp. Though her eyes were in shadow, I knew the look in them.

"Your things are packed, Rory," she said. "When must you go?"

It had been folly to think I could escape her knowledge of me. I knelt and hid my face against her shoulder.

The lady who hated to go to bed

"I used to shudder every time I slipped into those sheets. They were so dingy—so full of tattle-tale gray! You'd think I was the world's most careless housewife, and yet I rubbed like blazes over my washes. I never suspected it was my *lazy* soap that didn't get out *all* the dirt. Then a neighbor dropped a hint about trying Fels-Naptha Soap and . . .

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"Oh, damn you, damn you, Margaret woman!" I cried. "Those bluidy surgeons didn't squeeze out a whimper! And now you make a fool of me!"

She kissed my wet eyes. She said gently, as to a growing child, "But it's all right. It always will be, my darling. The island and I will be here waiting for you—whatever happens."

I FELT my way like a blind man across the great London square. It was black and seemingly deserted. I could not see my hands or know whether they were the hands of a boy or of a man no longer young. Only the cloth of my tunic was familiar. I could trace out the winged insignia on my cap. That had not changed. It added to my sense of lost bewilderment. What had happened? Everything—or nothing?

Then the truth broke over me like a wave of desolation. The years had happened. I wanted to be young—young as my need of action. I wanted to take my place in the front ranks and fight for all that mattered to me in human values. And I was middle-aged—set back in the rear to watch my country's youth struggle for her life. "Dugout" they called me, no doubt, with kindly tolerance.

Across the way was St. Martin's in the Fields, that all through these other nights, twenty-odd years ago, had stood open, offering sanctuary. I crossed to it and went up the steps into its dim peace to the seat where I had led Pauline that night of sky-born terror. I could tell myself afterward that I had not even thought of her—certainly that I had not sought her. But so strange had life become that to find her there did not deeply startle me.

Nor did my coming seem to startle her. She looked up—almost as though she had been waiting for me. She was still pretty, but she had faded like a flower cut down in its perfection.

"Pauline!" I said.

"Rory!"

I sat down beside her. We spoke in whispers.

"We're like ghosts," I said.

"I couldn't sleep. I was too frightened. Then I remembered how safe I had felt here."

I remembered, too, how she had clung to me. The air-raid warning had caught us at the exit of the theater and she had been separated from her party. I had met her eyes, raised to a complete stranger's in panic-stricken appeal, and I'd put my arm around her and fought my way through the crowd to the relative safety of the church. As a bomb crashed into a near-by street she had hidden her face against my tunic, and for the first time I had felt strong and unafraid. For that, I supposed now, I had loved her. Next day—a week before the end of my last leave—we had been married.

I asked her now, "Why are you frightened, Pauline?"

"I was thinking—imagining things—remembering them. Rory's somewhere in France—"

I had again a sense of disruption. My body no longer seemed sure of its own identity. *Who* was in France? *I* was sitting here beside her. *I* was young Lieutenant Rory McEwen. As though she felt my bewilderment, she breathed, "Our son—"

That was it. A fragment of myself, afraid and lonely too, perhaps, and perhaps snatching at what he could get of life before, in turn, it was snatched from him. It was not strange but it was confusing to know so well how Young Rory felt. I tried to ask calm questions.

"What is he in?"

"The Air Force. He'd always wanted to fly. It was on your account. He'd found a picture of you in uniform—the one you gave me just before you left. He has a sort of boyish hero worship of you—"

I put my hand over hers.

"Don't cry. He'll come through. I did, you know—after a fashion."

"He's like you, Rory—with a bit of me thrown in—worse luck for him, you'll think."

"No—I don't think that at all."

"I behaved badly, didn't I? I let you down—"

"We were both too young. It was too stiff going for us. You're married, aren't you?"

"Yes. And you too. Happily—?"

She half-questioned me. And I did not know how to answer. It seemed to

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me that we were speaking of two different worlds. Happiness was not the name for what Margaret and I gave each other. There was something above normal experience in it, as there was something unearthly about her island—for all that it was stronger than the sea.

"Yes," I answered at last.

"And children?"

"No."

Her hands, that had been tightly locked on each other, relaxed. She had never been clever. She found it hard to say what was in her heart. "I have no other child, Rory."

So there would be that between us forever. That was what she was trying to say to me. That, at least, was clever. "I'd like you to see his picture. I'm staying close by. Perhaps you'd come—"

I shook my head.

"I'm going back tonight. They've given me a dugout's job in Sussex somewhere."

"But you'll be coming up again?"

"I suppose so—"

"Rory, don't be frightened of me."

"I'm not. I've just got to keep my lines clear."

"It isn't easy, is it?"

"Not very. Sometimes I'm not sure who I am or what has happened to me. It's life repeating itself—too quickly—"

"Like a wheel turning—" I had walked with her to the church steps and there she stopped me. "Don't go with me, Rory. I'm at the Carlton. I think I shall come here often. Perhaps, one night, you'll come again too. I'll have his pictures with me. It won't hurt us to meet here." Her hand rested in mine a moment. "I'll tell Rory—Young Rory. It will make him happy."

I SLIPPED the snapshot in my wallet. Pauline had given it to me because it was the one I liked best. The boy in the airman's uniform was dark and almost delicate-looking. But one day he would grow strong and stocky. (A "perhaps" struck like a treacherous knife into my mind.) The picture had been taken in the garden of Pauline's country house, and a girl in tennis clothes stood beside the boy with her arm linked in his. She was pretty. But I did not think of her prettiness. I thought, She's not like Pauline. She's looked pain full in the face. It will never break her now. .

"Yes, they're in love," Pauline said wistfully. "They're to be married on his next leave. She's splendid, Rory. Not like me. She'll stand up straight to whatever happens."

I looked up at her across the narrow white-clothed table.

"Don't worry about all that. It's over and done with—"

"Is it? I wonder. Is there any real beginning or real end? Where did you and I start, Rory? Did some one throw a pebble in the pool? Are we just one of the ripples? Is Rory to be the last—the last of us?"

"Don't," I said. "It does no good." I knew now why I had gone back to

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Positively NO "BITE"

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the church to find her. I wanted, with a desperate nostalgia, to make contact with the youth Pauline and I had briefly shared, and to reach out with her into our future—which was our son. It had touched me deeply to find her waiting. She must have waited patiently—night after night. For a while we had sat together in silence, remembering, praying perhaps with the inchoate urgency of a shocked and battered faith. Then we had groped our way to the little Soho restaurant where we had dined together the night I had gone back to France for the last time. But our youth had gone from the place where it had been. It had gone thence like two separate shafts of light that had mingled and become Young Rory—who was in France somewhere.

SHE showed me one of the boy's letters.

"I'm glad you and father have met up again. It makes me feel more real somehow. I'd like to meet him too. Tell him the squadron's swell. He'd be proud of it."

I thought, They'd be proud, thinking of the dead men who had flown wing-tip to wing-tip with me on their last flight. "Carrying on," they'd call it, if they knew. And I saw old Dr. McEwen bending over the fire with his flushed and troubled face. "'The glory of going on and still to be,'" he'd quoted. I had laughed—almost contemptuously. "For what it's worth," I'd said. . . .

"You're proud too—a little, aren't you, Rory?" Pauline was asking.

"Yes," I said.

"It helps, doesn't it?—to have him. We're not so—so defeated, are we? He'll go on—a part of us both—" she whispered almost inaudibly. "He must—"

If he didn't—we would peter out in dust and silence. That was what she was trying to say to me.

"Rory—if you had other children—her children—you would be safe."

I said roughly, "There'll be no other children—not for me." I added after a moment with harsh matter-of-factness: "Margaret's not strong. We knew from the first. She was all I wanted"—I met her eyes—"and all I want."

Her silence rasped me. She was still predatory—grasping at her heart's momentary desire. I felt as though I had given Margaret into her greedy, reckless hands. I stood up, afraid and angry. "Let's go," I said.

Outside the lightless doors of her hotel we stopped, facing each other. She was trembling. Invisibly I felt her sway toward me.

"If—if everything goes all right—on his next leave—perhaps we could be together—the three of us. Andrew, my husband, understands—"

"I'll try to come," I said.

I walked on, down the Haymarket, along Pall Mall and past St. James'. The city's horrific darkness and silence deepened my sense of lonely impermanence. Long ago I had met the fear of death and overcome it. But this fear was of annihilation—of futile nothingness—and I met it with savage revolt and protest. The passion to survive somehow, at all costs, drove me before it like a blind ruthless hurricane.

Then, in the deserted dimly lit vestibule of my hotel, I found Margaret, waiting for me.

I had not expected her, and her coming shocked me to my foundations. It was as though a serene, confident child had stepped down into the arena of some merciless and bloody conflict. Before I could speak or wipe the consternation from my face, she came quickly to me.

"You told me you would be here. Don't be afraid. I shan't trouble you, Rory—I had to. I was too hungry for you—"

I held her as I had done that first day on the hills, fiercely by the shoulders. She didn't belong here. She had left the safety of her island for hostile territory. I had a sense of having to defend her against the merciless enemy within myself. I heard her speak again. Her voice was low and shaken with passion.

"Love me, my darling—love me with all your heart!" . . .

That night she lay beside me, her face against my shoulder. I did not know whether she slept. She lay almost too still. Her breathing was too hushed. I could not sleep. I had a sense of some immeasurable event, as though out of that desperate fusion a spark had kindled in the dark that might bring light or destruction to us both. Very gently I touched her cheek, and found it wet with tears. She took my hand in silence, and put it to her lips.

MARGARET went back to her island and I to my squadron. They'd grounded me, as became my years. But I'd been a fine airman in my time, and it pleased the youngsters to take me up with them and show their stuff. They thought of me, no doubt, as a stocky, confident, powerful man. But I myself felt lonely and almost pitiable—as though I were asking charity of this unboasting levelheaded youth. Until the day when my batman saluted, saying, "A Mrs. Carmichael and Lieutenant McEwen to see you, major."

It had been a strange meeting. I could feel Pauline watching us both, smiling, curious, triumphant. The years had dropped from her. She looked radiant. We two men clasped hands, and I looked into young Rory's anxious eyes and saw the embarrassed yet happy blood rise in his own cheeks.

"I'm glad we've met at last, sir."

"I'm glad you are. I am too. He's like me, isn't he, Pauline? Or do I flatter myself?"

"He explains love at first sight," she said slyly. And her eyes laughed at me behind their long lashes.

I had introduced them to my squadron. It did me good to meet the men who commanded me and who were not so much older than Young Rory and say, "This is my son." I felt that the link between me and my successors had been forged. The chain would stretch into that future which they were assuring for their kind. So that I too would have my part in it.

Afterward we drove over to the County Hotel, where Janet, who was to marry Young Rory the next day, waited for us. The four of us lunched together. I met Pauline's eyes, and for what seemed an eternity could not free myself from their dark hold or from the illusion that she and I had lived our lives together—that presently we would be going home together—to wait.

"You and I did one good job," I said afterward as we followed Janet and Young Rory to the waiting car.

"I loved you," Pauline said simply.

I tried to laugh. "I loved you, too."

The next day, in the little country church, Young Rory and Janet were married. Her people were there. They seemed to have forgotten that Pauline and I were no longer man and wife. They were simple, conventional, and perhaps such a truth could never be quite real to them. On my deathbed, I thought, I would remember with comfort the gentleness of that spring sunshine and the fragile tenderness of that day's happiness.

The young McEwens had just a week.

I wrote to Margaret in her far-off country. "I have been to my son's wedding," I said briefly. She wrote back, "Thank God you found him, my darling." For the first time, I could neither see nor hear her.

A week later, in the drab, feverish darkness of a great London station, Pauline and I stood aside, forgotten, and saw Janet and Young Rory stand by the iron gates and say good-by. The girl Janet passed us unseeing, with her head up and her eyes dry, and her face grown old.

Pauline put her hand on my arm.

"Don't leave me, Rory—please—you can't—not now—"

"No," I said. "I can't."

We went back to the little restaurant and sat there till midnight. It was as though we dared not separate. She said, "Our time has been spoiled for us. But perhaps Rory will have his time, and it will be something better, and we shall have our share in it in him."

Perhaps, I thought.

She looked me deep in the eyes. "At least I have given you that, Rory," she said.

THAT was a strange, dreadful night. Across a narrow strip of sea, at Dunkerque, a heroic army was making its last stand. My son—our son—had gone, one of a thousand knights-errant, to the rescue and perhaps to death. His mother clung to me. I would not—could not—free myself. She walked with me to my hotel, where I had to gather my things before driving back to the airdrome. I took her to my room, and she made fumbling futile efforts to help me.

"Where has he gone, Rory?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"What chance has he—of coming back?"

I shook my head. I was overwrought with anxiety for Young Rory—and for the greater things at stake. She began to whimper.

"Rory — if anything happens — I couldn't bear it! I can't bear pain—I can't—I can't—"

Suddenly she came to me—straight into my arms. She held me fast. She was my wife, she cried at me—the mother of my son. And for one staggering moment I knew the triumph of her despair.

"You can't leave me now, Rory—not ever again. You're all I've got. I've never loved any one else. I married Andrew because I was sick of death and pain. I had to be with

GABRIEL HEATTER

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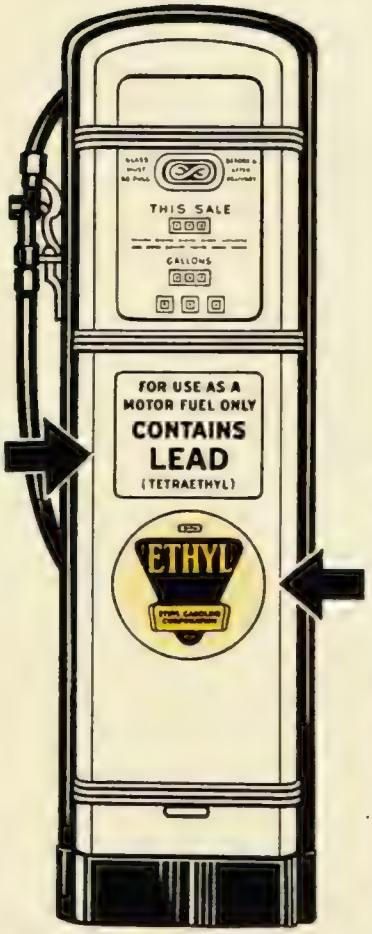
some one who wasn't hurt — who wouldn't be hurt, whatever happened. He means nothing to me—or I to him. And Margaret—what's she to you? What has she given you?"

Like a dammed up river that has broken bounds, she swept over my will, my sanity, engulfing even sorrow in her torrential purpose. It was true I could not leave her—at least not now. But I had to be back on duty at daybreak. We drove together all through that perilous night, skirting death at every black turn of the road. Her shoulder pressed against my arm. I tried to think of Margaret—but she was too far off. She had no part in this mortal conflict. She was "fey"—not of this earth. She could not understand the dreadful claim of flesh and blood.

At dawn I left Pauline at the hotel where we had spent the day with Janet and Young Rory and their brief

FOLLOW THE SIGNS of improved gasoline



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happiness. I kissed her white upturned demanding face. "We must go back—both of us," I said.

She seemed broken. But there was a ruthless strength in her helplessness. She was pleading with me.

"Rory—listen. It's you I want. You've grown to be the man I thought I'd married. It wasn't my fault I couldn't find you in that poor broken boy they sent back to me. I was young. I couldn't bear it. But, whatever I did, I gave you your son. All the future you've got—I've given you." Her hands dropped, but her eyes were undefeated. "I'll wait here," she said—"till you come back to me."

At the airdrome gates an orderly stepped forward, saluting.

"There's a Dr. McEwen on the line for you, major. It's a trunk call—from Scotland."

I heard the doctor's voice, low-pitched and calm as the depths of the sea are calm:

"If you can, you must come at once, Rory. Margaret's put up a grand fight. She wouldn't let me tell you. She was going to have a child. She wanted you to have it. No—she'll never have one now. There was an accident. She wasn't strong enough. I'm trying to save her, Rory. But it's up to you—"

I hung up. I walked across the landing field to the quarters of my commanding officer.

"Trains are pretty foul to the west, aren't they?" he said. "What about that old bus X. B. 14? She's a regular elephant. God help you if you meet a maraudering Jerry. But she'll take you anywhere within reason."

"Mrs. Carmichael — my son's mother—is at the hotel," I said. "I'd like some one to see her safely back to London."

"Sure. We'll look after her."

I held out my hand and it was briefly clasped.

THE sun rose behind me, strong and unclouded in its renaissance, and on its long shafts of golden warmth I flew out westward. I felt strangely unafraid and at peace, as though out of a jungle of black suffocating desire I had risen into the clear fine air of renunciation. Margaret, my wife, had offered up her life to give me the posterity I craved. And I no longer craved it. I was a man now, full-grown, who stood on his own feet, who knew how to live and die unto himself. Young Rory, alive or dead, fighting his own battles, would travel unburdened with Old Rory's hunger for survival. We were both free men.

Margaret had known—something, but not enough. She had stood almost too close to my heart. She had heard only its panic-stricken beating. To quiet it, to bring it peace, she had betrayed me into the sacrifice of herself. But now she must know everything. I could feel her love and wisdom like cool misty hands stretched out to greet me and bring me home to her intangible realities.

I listened to the stolid drone of the engines, the singing of the wind.

"Margaret," I said aloud. "Wait for me! You promised you would wait—whatever happened."

I caught at last the glitter of the sea, branching its strong arms lovingly about the land. Her island lay beneath me. I circled over it, choosing my landing place. As I climbed out stiffly, old Hector lumbered up to meet me.

"Ay, mon, I speired ye'd come that way. I've been watching the sky since sunrise. She'll live, mon, with you to help her."

I did not answer. I did not even speak to her father in the hallway, but thrust him on one side. This fight was mine. I saw her in the dim room, lying still and white as death itself. But her eyes were open and had such light in them, I thought, as could never be put out. I knelt beside her. On her faint breath her voice rose to me as from a great distance:

"My darling — I'm so sorry — I wanted so much to comfort you—to give you—all you wanted."

I put my hands on her shoulders and held her fast to me, ever more strongly and surely, feeling, as I had felt that other night, how my life's force poured into her, how a spark kindled in her receding darkness.

"Comfort me now," I said. "Stay with me, Margaret. Live with me. Let me go with you wherever you and I are going."

THE END

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Campus marriage — Does it work? Two who tried it tell their candid, revealing story

This is none other than Miss Kathryn Huff, born two months before her parents graduated.

Parlor, Bedroom, and Classroom

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

LOVE on the campus. . . .

Romantic words that carry a vision of couples in canoes, formal gowns and proms, moonlight picnics and swimming parties.

That's the Hollywood version.

In real life true love can be pretty hectic when it goes to college. We found that out when we began dating seven nights a week. Darrell was starting his junior year and I was a second-semester sophomore at the University of ——

Darrell dropped around every evening just about study time, and stayed until the housemother shooed him out. After that there was studying to be done. Result: when I showed up at class I was only half prepared and fully half asleep. Six months of this and we were bleary-eyed, our respectable grade averages no longer fit for parents' eyes.

Something had to be done, so we got married.

Darrell and I felt like pioneers in trying to mix matrimony with a college education. Then we discovered there were three hundred other couples doing the same thing on this Midwestern campus.

It was April and these three hundred already inhabited the town's choice apartments. A couple of hard days' apartment-hunting finally netted us something to live in at twenty-five dollars a month (heat and light included)—only slightly more then we could afford to pay. One large room and two closets served as living room, kitchen, and bathroom. For the next fourteen months that one large room was to be our parlor, dining room, bedroom, study hall—and, eventually, nursery.

We had a folding bed that jumped out of the wall at the least provocation, but it had a swell mattress. Although the one radiator pounded most of the time and the stove leaked gas whenever the oven was lighted, one feature of the apartment made us the envy of all our friends. Crammed in a corner of the bathroom was a mail-order shower. *We* could get a bath without standing in line while other roomers used up all the hot water.

Collegiate housekeeping is a fifty-fifty affair. No woman can earn part of the family's income, go to classes, and keep the house spotless, if she is

BY FRANCES AND DARRELL HUFF

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WEATHER FORECAST: Hot and humid . . . with relief in sight for all who turn to that King of Coolers . . . the Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin Fizz. It picks you up and cools you off . . . brings you a delightful wine-like taste and tang. Today—enjoy a frosty, refreshing Sloe Gin Fizz, made the Old Mr. Boston way!

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human. I am. So Darrell had to learn to fix dinners on days when I studied at the library. The first results were pretty terrible—but he learned. We shared dishwashing and sweeping, and studied together when we could.

The money part of it was the toughest. Fortunately both of us were nearly self-supporting before we married, so all we had to do was hang onto our jobs and work a little harder at them, and budget, budget, budget.

Both Darrell's family and mine were pretty decent about the whole business and gave us financial aid when they could. Darrell was campus correspondent for a big newspaper and I wrote society news for a small one. I had a part-time job of a sort as secretary and researcher for a professor. Darrell wrote and occasionally sold articles. Our income ran, eccentrically, from fifty dollars to $150 a month.

Rent of our little apartment was more than the two of us had paid separately for dormitory rooms, but cooking at home saved us enough on eating costs to balance that. After three years of boardinghouse food, anything cooked at home tasted heavenly. Hamburger, wieners, and meatless concoctions were our mainstays, but once a week we had steak.

I had to plan our meals several days ahead. Lack of time to prepare meals and lack of money to buy delicatessen food made that necessary. When we invested in a ham on Saturday, ham was on every menu except breakfast for a week; sometimes we even had it for breakfast.

Joan and Dave Peterson hung around our apartment week-ends. We usually went fifty-fifty on food. In warm weather we drank ginger ale and grape juice. (Liquor is a budget wrecker.) This all may not sound very gay, but it was a lot of fun. We played bridge occasionally, but mostly we talked.

Vee and Tim Mason were another of the campus couples. Before their marriage—launched on the proverbial shoestring—Tim waited table at his fraternity house to earn his meals. Vee had a part-time job, filing records in a university office. Tim worked fifty hours a week on the college daily, earning fifteen dollars a month. Their income added up to thirty-seven dollars a month, and that isn't a living in any language, but they existed and were not too unhappy about it.

THE next November brought to the campus the usual worries about mid-semester tests. But the only test that worried us was the Aschheim-Zondek. The doctor in the student health department of the university hospital told me that test showed I was going to add motherhood to my duties by May.

Happily I didn't have to carry much classwork. Darrell had spent the preceding summer digging ditches for the university to earn enough money to keep me in summer school. While he tanned in the sun I melted in classrooms, and by fall I was a senior, too. This enabled me to lighten my load of classes and still graduate with Darrell the following June—after the baby was born.

On the last day of March I was still going to classes, expecting to interrupt them the next week.

Kathryn—nine solid pounds of her—was born at 10.17 the next evening, April 1. The doctors were as much fooled by the sudden arrival as we.

Things became complicated when she left the orderliness of the hospital and established herself in the makeshift nursery our three-in-one provided. The nursery was the sunlit corner which our study table had occupied.

SOME of our new duties included washing diapers, brewing the formula, giving the baby baths and cod-liver oil, and reading pediatrics and child-training books. We studied colic cures between university lectures in journalism, psychology, and sociology. For a small fee a graduate student's wife living across the hall watched Kathryn whenever both Darrell and I were in class. Most of the time, however, we were not in class at the same hour, so while one of us listened to a lecture, the other was home working at parenthood.

Kathryn remained healthy—even during the rush of final exam week, when I held a textbook in one hand and her bottle in the other. She didn't get much cuddling or coddling in those first months, but on the fifth of June she had the rare experience of sitting on her grandmother's lap and watching her parents get their diplomas.

As we returned to our seats, clutching the rolls of paper that meant we were Bachelors of Arts, Darrell whispered, "That's over, and they can't take them away from us now."

There are a lot of other things they can't take away. We have each other, a marriage that is past the dangerous period of adjustment, and a baby to show for those fourteen busy months. We are no more in debt than most single students who have gone through college on their own. Darrell has a job on a magazine now, a better job than he could have found if it were not for the valuable experience that last year of hustling free-lance writing.

And we settled one thing to our satisfaction: There is a solution to the problem of chastity on the campus, the conflict between the natural desire for marriage and the increasing need for more education. This solution—campus marriage—has been given scant consideration by most of the experts. But it works. It worked for us and it worked for at least the vast majority of the three hundred who shared our venture. We are convinced that it will work for more and more young men and women in college each year.

Those fourteen months in school were the happiest we've ever spent. We thank God we didn't waste them away from each other.

THE END

By
ROBERT WAKE

A gun battle ensued. One bandit was overtaken as he fled and was arrested.

ILLUSTRATOR NORMAN ROBARD

PENDERGAST IS FREE!

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 28

PART THREE—MACHINE-MADE "JUSTICE"

PROSECUTOR GRAVES to the contrary notwithstanding, Attorney General McKittrick's office had not been excluded from the Grand Jury room. Judge Southern had already accepted the proffered services of three assistants to McKittrick. But Graves filed his application for a stop order anyway.

The matter now rested in the lap of the Missouri Supreme Court. If it rested there too long, Judge Southern, the Grand Jury, and the people of Kansas City were licked. But that court did not delay. Within five days Graves' writ was denied.

In little more than a month Judge Southern's Grand Jury handed down 167 indictments. The persons indicted ranged from machine hoodlums to the presiding judge of the County Court and Prosecutor Graves himself. Gamblers were indicted by the score. Some of the more notorious machine riffraff who had

The illuminating inside story of Kansas City after the clean-up . . . What is going to happen now?

slipped through the fingers of Prosecutor Graves found themselves reindicted. One was Charles Gargotta.

In August, 1933, the then sheriff of Jackson County, Thomas B. Bash, came upon Gargotta at the scene of a gang murder. Gargotta assaulted him, was disarmed and arrested. Tried, with Graves as prosecutor, for the murder of one of the dead men found, Gargotta was acquitted when a Kansas City detective aided him with some perjury. The detective was convicted of perjury. Gargotta went free. A charge of assault with intent to kill, upon Sheriff Bash, still hung over his head.

Graves gave Gargotta one continuance after another. He had given him twenty-seven by the summer of 1938, when Liberty called the nation's attention to all this. Gargotta was high in the ranks of the Kansas City machine. His criminal record had become "lost" at police headquarters.

In December, 1938, Prosecutor Graves appeared before Circuit Court Judge Brown Harris and asked for permission to dismiss the assault-to-kill charge against Gargotta. He doubted that he had evidence enough to obtain a conviction. The Gargotta case, after five years of continuances, was dismissed.

And then Judge Southern's Grand Jury reindicted Charles Gargotta. His trial was scheduled. What happened? Rather than face a jury and the "insufficient evidence," he went into court, pleaded guilty to the charge of assault with intent to kill, and settled with the state for a bargain—three years in the penitentiary.

GARGOTTA'S was not the only case of its kind. Joe Evola, a machine hoodlum, had been caught by some cops in an alley, his automobile loaded with newly stolen tires. It was called by the newspapers an open-and-shut case. Graves dismissed it. Insufficient evidence. Judge Southern's Grand Jury reindicted Evola. Like Gargotta, he copped a plea and is now in prison.

The Southern Grand Jury, when disbanding, said it had merely lifted the "edge of the curtain" of rottenness and crime in Kansas City.

Waller W. Graves still is in office as this is written. He has been under the fire of Governor Stark, has been skinned alive in the newspapers, and been indicted and tried for "corrupt" neglect of duty. His trial ended in a directed verdict of acquittal in the court of Circuit Court Judge Marion D. Waltner. It was not even found necessary for Graves (whose attorney was one of those employed by Pendergast at *his* trial) to present a defense. He was being tried for his mishandling of the Gargotta case. Judge Waltner said in ordering the acquittal that "not one syllable of corruption" had been established.

Judge Waltner undoubtedly interpreted the law strictly and accurately. However, let's see how things had worked out when Graves had been functioning undisturbed as the machine's county prosecutor:

On March 4, 1935, three bandits robbed a second-floor jewelry firm in Kansas City. A radio broadcast brought police. The bandits fired on them. A chase and a gun battle ensued. One bandit was overtaken as he fled and was arrested. That same day he signed a confession. He named an accomplice, who was caught and signed a confession.

Graves' office dismissed the charges against the two just before they were to stand trial. Reason: Insufficient evidence. What about the signed confessions? Obtained through police brutality, Graves' office explained.

Maybe they were, maybe they weren't. The fact remains that while Waller W. Graves was in office many professional criminals with machine affiliations seem to have done all right for themselves. Defending himself at his ouster hearing a few months ago, he said: "During my term there have been seven death penalties imposed and fifteen to twenty life sentences." He couldn't recall names, but he added: "I tried the case where the motorman killed the milkman. The motorman got life for it."

Now, motormen, as a rule, aren't hoodlums or professional criminals. They are too busy piloting trolley cars to lounge, without visible means of support, on nice spring days before the North Side Democratic Club, as was Gargotta's custom. In fact, it would be interesting to know the case histories of all of those twenty or more culprits whom fighting prosecutor Tom Graves sent to the chair or to prison for life.

Did they belong to the North Side Democratic Club? Did they have as relatives or close friends any Pendergast precinct captains or ward leaders? Did they vote for the machine or get out on Election Day and work for it? Did they have police records? Did they have any stake in the wide-open gambling, graft, and vice in Kansas City that Graves was to claim he knew of only through remote (and, of course, insufficient) hearsay evidence?

Or were they simple clucks who had committed crimes of passion?

ALL this may sound like insinuation. I know no more about the motorman who murdered the milkman than Prosecutor Graves could recall. But the price of a new hat says the motorman hired the wrong lawyer. Take the case of Robert Richard, a Negro who shot and killed Sidney Boozer, another Negro, on Kansas City's East Twelfth Street on July 23, 1938.

Mr. Richard later explained that he suspected his victim of having stolen fourteen dollars from him. He said he was walking on Eleventh Street when what should he come upon but a loaded revolver. It was a happy discovery, for presently he came upon Mr. Boozer, and they quarreled over the fourteen dollars, and Mr. Richard (so he said) needed something to defend himself with. Luckily he remembered the revolver that he had thriftily pocketed.

He took it out, and everything, including Mr. Boozer, presumably went black before him, and the revolver went rat-a-tat-tat, and there was Mr. Boozer lying dead on the sidewalk and an unfeeling cop by the name of John Burns was coming.

Mr. Richard explained that he had acted in self-defense, but he seems to have overdone it by potting a bullet or two at Policeman Burns. He missed, and Burns shot him in the leg. Then, too, five witnesses said that Mr. Richard had started the argument with the now deceased Mr. Boozer and that Mr. Boozer had been walking away when Mr. Richard had felt the need of defending himself. And there were four bullets in Mr. Boozer's *back*.

However, Mr. Richard found a lawyer named Preble Hall, who was also director of personnel for Kansas City and was Thomas Pendergast's leader in the Fourth Ward.

Prosecutor Graves turned this case over to Thomas Conway, an assistant county prosecutor who was Pendergast's leader in the Seventh Ward.

On October 4, 1938, Mr. Richard came before James J. Hurley, justice of the peace, who was Pendergast's leader in the First Ward.

Mr. Hall, attorney for Mr. Richard, asked for and got a continuance. Three weeks later he got another. No state witnesses were at hand, so Mr. Richard got still another, until No-

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Mr. Wake told of the downfall of Pendergast himself. Indicted for income-tax evasion, on May 22, 1939, he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to fifteen months in Leavenworth. He has now served them and is at large again, although on probation for five years.

All along, his machine's forces had been defiant. The charges made against them in Liberty in 1938 had been verified by Governor Stark's investigators, who had uncovered other evidence. But the problem was what to do with evidence in a community so machine-ridden. A courageous judge, Allen C. Southern, agreed to solve it by calling an honest grand jury. The machine began ugly efforts at intimidation. On January 16, 1939, Judge Southern gave the sheriff of Jackson County warrants requiring immediate raids on two wide-open gambling houses. The raids were made. Not in years had any one dared lift a hand against gambling in Kansas City.

Judge Southern's term in court being limited, time was precious. But before the formalities of attesting the grand jury panel were complete, the Jury Commission's clerk was inexplicably fired by its chairman. This meant that any grand jury from the panel might later be declared nonexistent—but Judge Southern went ahead and got a good one from it. Two days later the county prosecutor, Waller W. Graves, applied for a writ of prohibition on the ground that the judge had excluded Graves' office and the state's attorney general's from the grand jury room.

vember 29. On that date he appeared before Justice Hurley again. And again no witnesses for the state were present. Conway, the assistant prosecutor, asked that the case be dismissed. Justice Hurley agreed. Mr. Richard limped out of court a free man. The right of a citizen to defend himself vigorously against the sneaky assault of a man who comes at him *backward* had been upheld. Where were the state's witnesses? I don't know.

However, Mr. Richard's luck did not hold. When Judge Southern's Grand Jury swung into action, he was reindicted. He was brought to trial, and a people's jury took exactly thirty-three minutes to listen to the evidence and pack him off to spend the rest of his life in prison.

Now, United States Attorney Milligan was packing off to jail Pendergast henchmen who had committed vote frauds during the 1936 election. Milligan convicted nearly 300 such defendants. There was not a single acquittal. What was Prosecutor Graves doing all this time? It was simpler for him than for Milligan to convict the vote-fraud gang. Moreover, it was his sworn duty. And yet, with the tailor-made cases of the federal government before him, he prosecuted not one vote-fraud offender.

ON APRIL 6 of this year Special Commissioner Leon P. Embry, who took testimony in the ouster proceedings (long delayed) against Graves, recommended to the Missouri Supreme Court his immediate ousting and a " reasonable fine " because of willful neglect in office.

The Missouri Supreme Court is still meditating as this is written. And Graves, thoroughly discredited on his record as a prosecutor, still clings to the seat of the most powerful official in Jackson County.

Mr. Embry, referring to Graves' amazing record of dismissals (including the Gargotta case), pointed out that these did not make Graves guilty of neglect or prove corruption in office. Nor is there, in all fairness, any proof whatsoever that Graves accepted so much as a penny for dismissing cases that he considered weak.

Errors of judgment, perhaps. Or a big warm heart for the underdog wearing a machine license.

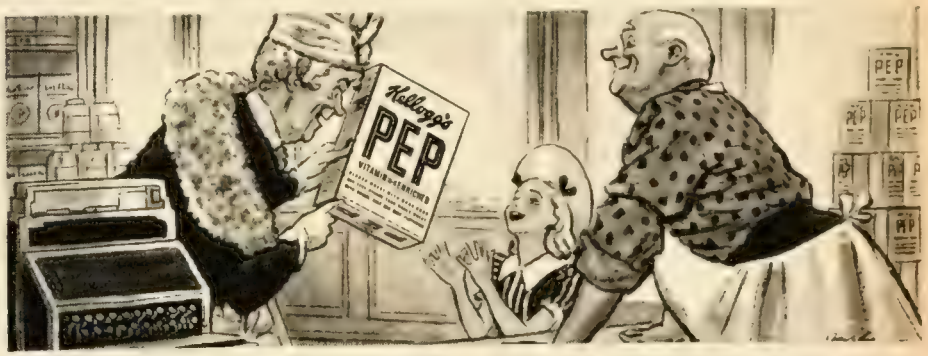
And now let's proceed to other champions of machine dictatorship in Kansas City—for example, His Honor Judge David (Honest Dave) E. Long, presiding judge of the County Court of Jackson County.

Fat Judge Long was indicted by Judge Southern's Grand Jury on four counts charging corrupt use of county funds. When that Grand Jury's term expired simultaneously with Judge Southern's term of court, Judge Albert A. Ridge was next in line to call a grand jury that would take a further peek under the " edge of the curtain " of corruption. To reporters Judge Ridge evinced no

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Margaret: No! Sally, no! Play it *right* for gran'ma. It's supposed to be a *dance!* Put some *oomph* into it!
Gran'ma: Margaret! I'd bet my last dollar I know what's ailin' that child!

Margaret: Good Heavens! Mother—what do you mean?
Gran'ma: I'll bet this child just plain doesn't eat right—doesn't get all her *vitamins!* Get your hat, Sally, we're going to the grocer's.



Gran'ma: Here it is, Sally. Your first lesson in getting your vitamins. This crispy, crunchy, delicious cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—is an extra-rich source of two of the most important ones, vitamins B_1 and D.
Sally: When do I taste it, Gran'ma?

Sally: *Wow! Mummy!* This PEP tastes *grand.* Can I have it every day for breakfast?
Margaret: *I should say you can!*

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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great enthusiasm. He said he had not studied the Southern Grand Jury's report. He said he would have to clear the docket first. He didn't know when he would get around to calling a grand jury to carry on.

It was Judge Ridge, it might be added, who dismissed the three-year-old "open-and-shut" tire-theft case against Joe Evola at the request of Prosecutor Graves. Evola, reindicted later, was to cop a plea of guilty.

By law, however, Judge Ridge was required to assemble a grand jury. He finally got around to it in his term's last two weeks. Here is part of his charge to the Grand Jury:

"We all know of certain vilifications of fact going on at the present time directed at public officials . . . Many of these vilifications, I say to you, are not founded on fact. The court knows the law-enforcement agencies now are faithfully performing their duties. The prosecuting attorney is proper authority under the law to aid the jury and to conduct any investigation."

He neglected to add that the prosecuting attorney at the moment was himself under indictment.

It was in Judge Ridge's court that Honest Dave Long first came to trial. His Honor, Honest Dave, had been a former real-estate operator in Kansas City. On May 15, 1936, the Pendergast governor, Guy B. Park, had appointed him presiding judge of the County Court to fill a vacancy.

IT was a post of tremendous political power. The three-judge County Court could and did fill the county institutions with loyal machine hacks, juggle and spend funds freely, and adjust property valuations for tax purposes. Two judges could outvote the third.

Ernest Tucker, an alert reporter for the Kansas City Star, tripped up Honest Dave. The County Court had allowed $10,260 of its funds to improve a piece of Kansas City property. The excuse seems to have been that this building housed an office of a justice of the peace. There was no law, however, permitting the court to approve bills of such nature. Yet it was done.

Then it was found that the building was the property of Long Brothers, Inc., two of whose head men were Judge Long's sons. Before the improvements, paid for by the county, had been made, the building had been valued at $7,220. After more than $10,000 had been spent on it, the County Court not only reduced its valuation for tax purposes but decided (with no legal grounds for the decision) that the county should pay the owners of the property, including Judge Long's sons, rent for the space that was occupied by the justice of the peace—who at the time, by the way, was Gil Bourk, boss of the Second Ward.

The Star printed the story of all this. Judge Long made no denial. "It looks bad," he admitted. "But what can I do about it?"

He did nothing about it. The County Court did nothing. No one did anything until Judge Southern's people's Grand Jury slapped Honest Dave with an indictment.

His first trial was set for the term of court over which Judge Ridge was to preside. Three days before his trial, Judge Long's sons paid back the money that had been given them by the county. However, Honest Dave, under indictment on four counts, clung to his post as presiding judge of the County Court. Under a cloud, he did not have the good grace to withdraw pending trial.

The panel from which the jury was selected included 110 persons known to have definite machine affiliations. The jury selected was top-heavy with city and county employees. The prosecution by cautious-footed McKittrick, attorney general for the state, was weak. There were four "corrupt claims" counts against Judge Long. McKittrick brought him to trial on the weakest of these. He said later he had to. Maybe he did.

Honest Dave Long was acquitted in eighteen minutes.

His attorney told the jury that Honest Dave had not realized, when allowing his sons' claims for $10,000 to improve their property, that any legal question was involved. Honest Dave, he pointed out, was a business man, not a lawyer. Well, later it developed that Honest Dave had carefully sought legal advice which, whatever its merits, had been given at an interesting place. Circuit Court Judge Brown Harris (the same who granted Prosecutor Graves' request for a dismissal of the Gargotta case) testified during one of Long's trials that he had discussed the "corrupt claims" case with Honest Dave on August 1, 1938. The conversation had taken place at 1908 Main Street, the office of Pendergast. Judge Harris testified he had advised Honest Dave to pay the county back its $10,000.

Judge Long, acquitted, went before the bar of justice in May, 1939, for trial on the second count of the indictment. The jury announced itself hopelessly deadlocked. More delays. In October he came to trial on the third count. Again the jury disagreed. The reported score was eight to four for conviction.

Through all this, Judge Long had still clung to his office. On November 7, 1939, McKittrick arose in the court of Judge Paul A. Buzard, where Honest Dave was to have his fourth trial on criminal charges, to suggest a bargain. McKittrick had agreed with Long's attorneys to nol-pros each of the cases pending against Long upon condition that Long turn over to him (as Long had) a letter of resignation to be sent to Governor Stark.

HIS move, Attorney General McKittrick said, was not prompted by a conviction that the defendant was innocent. "On the contrary," he said, "I am fully convinced that he is guilty as charged. However, three prosecutions have failed to bring about a conviction." And he pointed out that even if a conviction were obtained, long delays might ensue, during which Honest Dave might go on being presiding judge of County Court.

"Very well," Judge Buzard replied. "I think your decision is wise. The Long case is dismissed."

Undoubtedly, in all the circumstances, it was a wise solution—however ironic it may seem that a man considered guilty by a prosecuting officer should be let off on condition that he resign high office.

Another county judge, or ex-county judge, who had voted to allow the improving claims, also won a nolle pros as part of the agreement. He was J. W. Hostetter, who had risen from a livery-stable proprietorship to a Jackson County judgeship in the balmy days. When the blow-up came, he was no longer a judge, but his fellow judges created a $300-a-month job for him as supervisor of county institutions.

A group of women had looked into

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN

(38 to 52 Years Old)

HEED THIS TIMELY WARNING!!

If you're approaching "middle-age" and fear dizzy fainting spells, hot flashes—if you notice yourself getting restless, cranky, moody and NERVOUS lately—these annoying symptoms may be due to female functional disorder—

So be smart! Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, famous for over 60 years in helping hundreds of thousands of weak, rundown, nervous women to go smiling thru this "trying time."

Pinkham's Compound is made especially from nature's own beneficial roots and herbs to help calm overtaxed, sensitive nerves and lessen distress from functional cause. Weak, rundown women should find Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound WORTH TRYING!

the conduct of the county's institutions for Negroes, for the aged, and for children, and had been appalled by what they found. They had taken their findings to Judge Honest Dave Long. He had told them that Hostetter would handle any needs that might arise at any county institutions. Eventually, however, they won. Honest Dave resigned. Hostetter was fired. But this sounds easier than it proved to be; for even after Pendergast had gone to prison the machine still openly fought on.

One of Pendergast's loyal jobholders whom Milligan prosecuted for vote frauds was Mrs. Frances Ryan, superintendent of the Jackson County Parental School. When she went to the reformatory, her job was turned over to her sister, Mrs. Gertrude Kennedy. It took the public indignation of 24,000 of Kansas City's women citizens to get Mrs. Kennedy ousted — and then the county judges immediately created a new job for her as "supervisor" of the Parental School building. She became a sort of glorified janitor, but at reduced pay, "in line with the court's policy of economy," as one county judge phrased it.

THE County Court had not always been so economical. On March 31, 1938, when Honest Dave was presiding, it made at least one loan later widely criticized. That loan—largest made at a time when the school funds were sorely depleted—was for $35,000, and was secured for less than the lawful minimum. It was made to Mrs. Martha E. Truman, who is the mother of Harry S. Truman, junior United States senator from Missouri.

On January 1, 1939, when the loan became delinquent, nothing had been paid on either principal or interest. When Honest Dave was asked last summer what the County Court intended to do about it, he said, "I don't know that we'll do anything."

Truman had himself once sat on the bench that Honest Dave then occupied. Then Pendergast had upped him to Washington. It was Truman who termed Pendergast's indictment a "political move." It was Truman who tried to block United States Attorney Milligan's reappointment at the height of the vote-fraud trials. It was Truman who tried to supplant Milligan's United States marshal with a political protégé of his own. And it was Truman who, after the whole rottenness of the Pendergast machine had been laid bare, declined to approve the appointment of two capable attorneys badly needed by the overworked Milligan, whose office staff had been depleted by a death and a resignation.

It is only fair to add that in March of this year Senator Truman's representatives went into a huddle with the County Court, and announced that a "satisfactory arrangement" for repayment of the loan, principal and interest, had been negotiated. The specific terms of the arrangement were not revealed.

The people's election that swung Pendergast's city machine on the rocks left the county clique comparatively untouched.

Governor Stark managed to appoint a decent man county recorder. That man, John P. Sherrod, trimmed the cost of running the department by half—and ran it better. Similarly, when Honest Dave Long resigned, Governor Stark replaced him as presiding judge of the County Court with George S. Montgomery, who had been chairman of one of the grand juries that exposed corruption. Upon Judge Montgomery's appointment, the two machine judges who shared the bench with him—Fred W. Klaber, a Shannon "rabbit," and F. L. Byam—promised him their co-operation. They voted with him against some exorbitant bills rendered by Pendergast firms.

Then he struck out at county institutions mismanaged by pets of the Pendergast machine. He laid before his fellow judges the names of six men, all of whom he felt deserved dismissal. One of the six was a machine pet named Earl W. Beck, who was superintendent of the Jackson County Industrial Home for Negro Boys and Girls.

Let's look at the report on that Home and, while we are looking, remember that Jackson County is a segment of America.

In the summer of 1939 Circuit Court Judge Ray G. Cowan, assigned to the Juvenile Court, who impaneled a grand jury and threw it into the clean-up fight, was summoned to the County Home by Mrs. Beck. She phoned him that she was in charge during her husband's vacation, and that "the boys" had mutinied.

With Andrew B. Steele, chief probation officer, Judge Cowan hurried to the Home. Arriving, the two found the boys standing about sullenly refusing to do any work. Judge Cowan questioned some of them. Eventually he received this explanation: One boy had broken into the kitchen the night before and had stolen a loaf of bread. Mrs. Beck had thereupon ordered that none of the boys receive breakfast that morning. The "mutiny" had followed.

"It seemed peculiar to me," Judge Cowan later explained, "that of all things a boy would steal a loaf of bread. I decided he must have been very hungry. . . . Mr. Steele and I went into the kitchen. It took little investigation to learn that the food was terrible. I found a side of beef, mildewed and green, on the chopping block. I told Mrs. Beck that it was a crime to serve such meat to children. . . . I don't recall now just what the [noon meal] menu was, but I do remember that the employees of the Home were served much better food than that given the children."

Judge Cowan said he had told the County Court—which could delegate supervision and control of county institutions to the Juvenile Court

OFFICER, IS THERE SUCH A THING AS A THRIFTY MAIN DISH THAT MEN REALLY LIKE?
YOU BET THERE IS, LADY! ASK YOUR GROCER FOR LIBBY'S CORNED BEEF HASH!
Libby's
CORNED BEEF HASH
GENTLEMEN PREFER this hash that Libby makes because there's *plenty* of fine tender corned beef in it, and it's seasoned pre-*cise*-ly right. Wives are delighted to serve such an easy main dish often . . . especially since it costs only about a nickel a serving. Ask your dealer for the hash of finer flavor—Libby's Corned Beef Hash!
32 LIBBY'S MEATS . . . EACH A FLAVOR TRIUMPH

judge if it wished—about his discoveries. Judge Klaber denied later that, during his own membership on the County Court, a demand had ever been made for Beck's removal. Judge Cowan was quoted as saying, "I have been complaining about it for seven years—and each time I get my ears knocked down."

When he had impaneled a grand jury, however, that body took a look for itself at the County Home for Negro Boys and Girls. In its report it charged that although the Home boasted twenty milk cows and raised turkeys and chickens, its youthful charges "hardly knew what an egg to eat was," and that eighteen girls were allowed only two gallons of milk daily. Meat was served "only occasionally." The Grand Jury recommended as "highly desirable" a change of management.

The County Court took immediate action. Its ex-member J. W. Hostetter brought in sixty witnesses. One of them testified that the boys and girls at the Home were fed so much good food that "they don't have any room left for milk." On Beck the pronouncement was: "He is doing the best job possible."

That, for the moment, closed the matter. Then Judge Montgomery replaced Honest Dave Long. He authorized a committee of three women from a citizens' organization to act in an advisory capacity for the County Court and to investigate conditions in county institutions—both without pay. The women went to work in earnest.

In January of this year, machine Judges Klaber and Byam overruled Judge Montgomery and dismissed the women.

Judge Klaber summed it up accurately:

"We should refuse to let them dictate who shall be discharged and who shall be appointed."

The women had recommended the discharge of Beck. Judges Klaber and Byam, overriding Montgomery, renamed Beck for a term of one year.

ON January 12, 1940, the women, Mrs. Charles N. Seidletz, Mrs. William M. Kemp, and Mrs. J. Howard Stephenson, appeared before County Judges Montgomery, Byam, and Klaber. They appeared now as representatives of a citizens' organization, the Women's Forward Kansas City Committee. And they read to the court the report of their investigation of the County Home for Negro Boys and Girls. Among other things, they charged:

That the children at the Home had enjoyed chicken only twice in eight years, while friends of the superintendent were served chicken constantly at parties given by him at the Home. That he himself was always served a special diet of steak and other savory foods—and that his foods were prepared separately.

That the superintendent had told one of the teachers he could peddle the teacher's position for several hundred dollars. That he kept no adequate record of wages paid him for work done by inmates on neighboring farms.

That sorghum, a cup of milk, and two slices of bread made up a typical breakfast. That fresh vegetables raised at the Home never appeared on inmates' tables.

That there were neither soap nor towels for the boys, and that Beck often used his fists on them. That boys went without shoes in the winter; were punished by being denied as many as three meals in a day during which they were forced to work in the fields. That the boys' clothing often was worn wet and held together by strings and wires. And that boys had been beaten with barrel staves seasoned in vinegar.

In a jammed county courtroom the three women presented their report. They asked for the dismissal of Beck; proposed his replacement with a trained and humane man.

Judge Montgomery voted for Beck's removal. Judge Byam and Klaber voted no. The score: Two to one—and another victory—for the machine.

Was that machine triumph to be the end of the battle? Has the county since been house-cleaned? And what of Kansas City itself, in the days of its "budget-balancer" McElroy—and since? Just read Mr. Wake next week!

SUE SANG BEFORE SEVEN
BUT CRIED BEFORE ELEVEN!
DON'T TELL ME NOTHING'S HAPPENED, SUSAN! MY LAND, CHILD, YOU WERE HAPPY AS A CRICKET THIS MORNING!
THIS MORNING I DIDN'T KNOW JIM HAD ASKED LOIS TO THE CLUB DANCE!
SO THAT'S IT! WELL, I'VE A NOTION MAYBE IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, SUSAN! TO MY MIND, A GOOD TALK WITH OUR DENTIST ON--ON BAD BREATH--WOULDN'T DO YOU A MITE OF HARM!
SUE SEES HER DENTIST...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
SWEET SUE, JUST YOU
I DON'T AIM TO HINDER YOUR COURTING, JIM--BUT IT WAS RIGHT LATE WHEN YOU BROUGHT SUSAN HOME FROM THE DANCE, SO... GOODNIGHT!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ REGULAR SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

HERE'S a popular writer of history novels who *knows* what he's talking about when he describes women's clothes. Lunching recently with F. van Wyck Mason, author of Three Harbours, Stars on the Sea, etc., I asked him to tell us a few things his research has revealed concerning the dress and toilette secrets of our colonial dames.

"Early American beauties," he said, "wore mottoes sewn to their petticoats. A girl might flick up her skirt, and on her petticoat the boy friend would read some such message as, 'Meet Me Tonight.' The words would be garlanded by a needlework outline of hearts, cupid's bows, forget-me-nots. Girls didn't use many pins in those days, because pins were of hand-wrought steel, costing between twenty-five and fifty cents apiece. That's where your expression 'pin money' came from. Buttons were expensive, too. Nearly all women's garments tied together with strings. . . . When the streamline Directoire style first arrived from France, so many petticoats had to be discarded here that a whole generation of our young ladies succumbed to pneumonia. Philadelphia actually legislated a law against the Directoire gown—but for health's sake, not for modesty. The fashionable cosmetic of colonial times was a lotion of grated cucumber mixed with fresh sweet cream. Housewives preserved their meats by keeping them in a barrel of wet bran—America's original refrigerator. Women's coats for cold weather were of baize such as that used now to cover pool tables. A real dress-up dress cost between seventy-five and ninety dollars. Even our well off colonial dames made their best dresses last at least five years."

Thank you, Mr. Mason, for reminding us how advantageously times have changed.

☆ One of today's best dressed society women—Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh—favors colors keyed to the changing seasons. This time of year she wears costumes hued to harmonize with autumn foliage. In winter she prefers green evening gowns which recall the summer and foresee the coming spring. I like Mrs. Kavanaugh's imaginative approach to the art of dress. Also I admire her patriotic determination. She will wear nothing that isn't made in the United States.

☆ Troubled letter from a Chicago lady: "My brother," she says, "has married a girl who seems to be a physical coward—afraid of the slightest pain, scared of dogs, terrified by the thought of burglars. My brother has always been a hearty, fear-free man. His wife's cowardice gives him the creeps. Just how can he cope with it?"

This is a tough question. Men are supposed to be brave; women to be excused if they aren't. Yet this sort of situation can lead to irreparable discord.

Tell your brother's wife she ought to consider *his* nerves as well as her own.

☆ Cheese and chicken form an unexpected partnership in this New Hampshire recipe called *Sunday Supper Pie*. A fine company surprise.

Simmer a 5-pound fowl with soup greens till it's tender. When cool, cut meat into pieces about 2 inches square.

Dip these first in dry grated American cheese, then in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs. Quickly fry golden brown. Drain and arrange in deep fireproof dish. Fill dish with cream sauce made from chicken liquor, mushrooms sliced and sautéed, a little chopped parsley. Season with salt, pepper, onion juice, pinch of nutmeg.

Toast slices stale bread, one side only, and lay on top of pie, toasted side down. Cover each slice bread with thin slices cheese.

Place pie in medium oven until the cheese melts. Serve bubbling hot, accompanied by corn bread and a tomato salad.

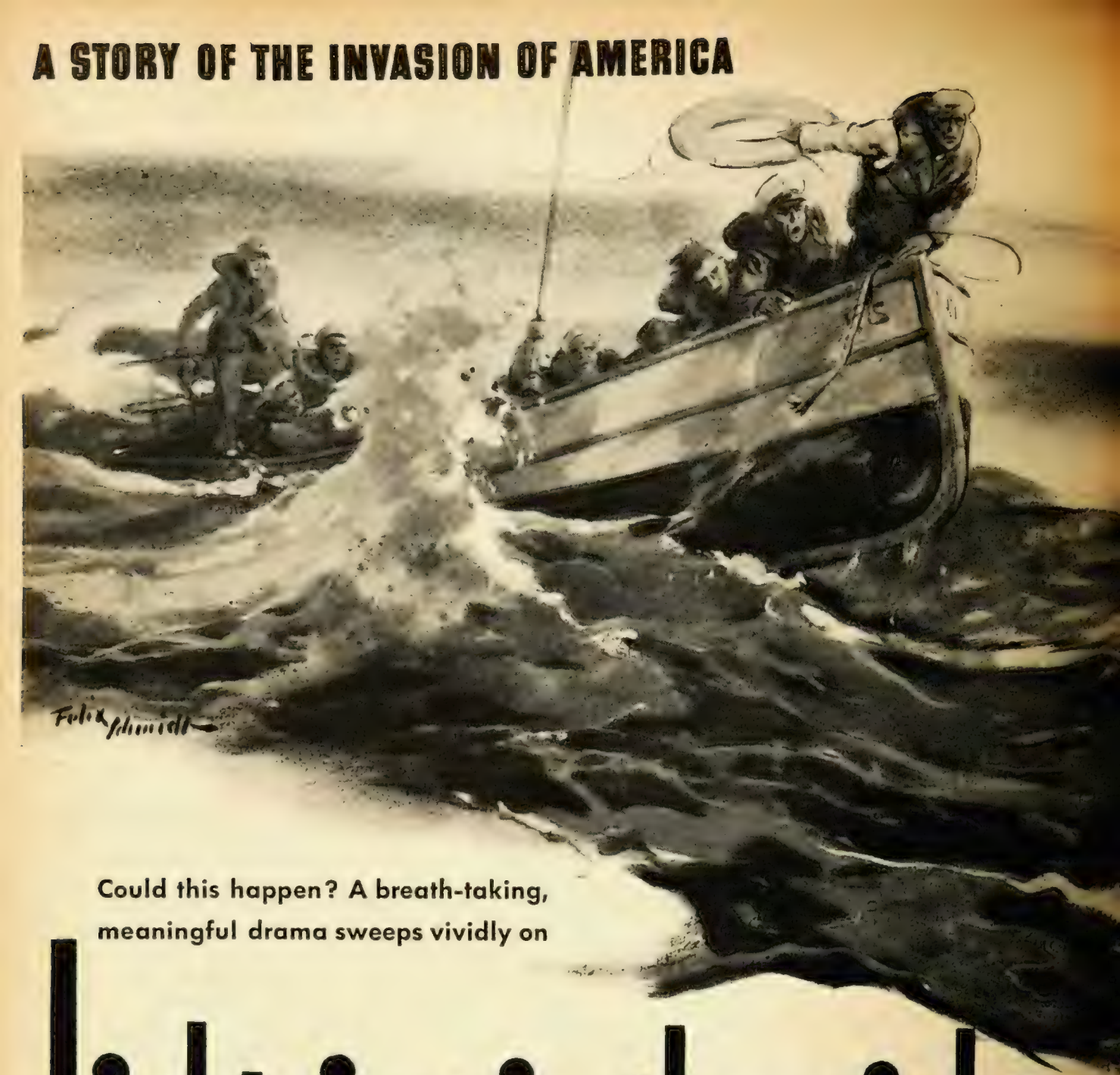
☆ Says a brisk young executive, purchasing man for a large airplane firm:

"Girls who understand football or baseball make good office secretaries. They know about teamplay by signals. When I want a caller eased out in five minutes without offense, I put *one* hand on my desk as I get up to greet him. My secretary—she's a baseball fan—leaves the room, but returns in five minutes' time to announce apologetically that I'm wanted for an urgent phone talk over long-distance. I put *both* hands on my desk if I want to give the caller ten minutes. No hands on desk means 'Don't interrupt us.' It's a neat system. You can't tell *me* athletic games aren't practical! Of course a good office girl ought to know a few other things as well."

"Have you any idea what 'Harumphff' means?"

☆ Yes indeed, there are witches in these days, according to William Seabrook, investigator of black magic, cannibalism, etc., whose new book, Witchcraft, tells how and where up-to-date witches cast their spells. (Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.)

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA



Could this happen? A breath-taking, meaningful drama sweeps vividly on

Lightning in the night

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

It was Hitler's Foreign Office that made known the details of his surprise seizure of the Panama Canal in the night of August 3, 1945. By a feint, he had drawn America's defending air forces far out over the Atlantic, and then an overwhelming Nazi air force from hidden bases in Brazil had showered the Canal Zone with gas bombs that caused death or insanity. The next day Hitler broadcast one of those peace offers of his. His conditions were total disarmament and abject subservience. Should the American people refuse, they would soon find out what modern warfare meant—and meanwhile their only sane surviving soldier from Panama, now his prisoner, would describe its terrors to them on the air.

That day Lieutenant Doug Norton went to the Joyce home near Honolulu and found there, with Peggy O'Liam, her beloved "Uncle Burt"—more formally, Admiral Sterrett, commander in chief of the United States fleet, which must now start for the Atlantic and round Cape Horn. The admiral didn't like the looks of a quiet servant, Greta by name, who announced luncheon to the three of them.

In the afternoon came the broadcast Hitler had promised. The American sole survivor, a young private in the Coast Artillery, owed his escape to the fact that he had been in a tree, on lookout, when the gas bombs had fallen. His harrowing story included the fate of his friend Private John Smith, who, caught in an underground range-plotting room, had answered the Nazi parachute troops' demand for surrender with "Go to hell!" He begged "you people at home" to make peace; there was no hope of resisting such an enemy.

But the President of the United States came on the air to answer Hitler's peace offer—and his answer was Private John Smith's.

A few nights later Admiral Sterrett and the fleet left Honolulu. Japanese and Russian planes raided the islands. And at 1.30 A. M.

Peggy O'Liam phoned Norton: "Come at once—please! I've just shot a woman."

PART FOUR—THE GIRL WHO SAVED THE FLEET

THE trip to the Joyce home was a nightmare. Lieutenant Norton had asked Peggy O'Liam no questions, but said quietly, with a calmness he did not feel, "I'll be right out."

Slipping on some clothes, he hurried down into the street, where a cab driver with a New York accent said, "Where to, buddy?"

"The Joyce estate. It's usually a twenty-five-minute trip. For every minute under twenty-five that you can make it in, there's an extra dollar in it for you."

The driver, already moving, said, "O. K. Hang on!"

Lieutenant Norton finished dressing in the cab. In the distance searchlights were poking into the skies, and he wondered whether a second raid was scheduled. The cab driver twisted down a street cluttered with debris from bombed buildings, and, on the outskirts of town, turned off his headlights and drove by moonlight.

They screeched around a turn in the country road and the driver slapped down hard on his brakes. Norton grabbed for a hand strap, missed, slid the width of the slippery back seat, and landed on the floor.

"That was close!" yelled the driver. "Big shell hole in the road, ditch on the side. You all right? Want me to go slower?"

Norton said, "No. Keep going."

They passed what had been a cluster of native houses, was now a smoldering mass of blasted stone and wood. But as they neared the Joyce place there were no signs of the raid. They wheeled into the driveway and saw that the estate's broad, gently sloping lawn and the rambling house itself were undamaged.

"Wouldn't you know it?" the driver said. "The rich always get off easy."

Lieutenant Norton was not concerned with that angle. He did think it strange that the place, an excellent target, was untouched.

Peggy O'Liam let him into the house. Her eyes were red from crying. She put a trembling hand on his arm. "Oh, Doug," she said, "I didn't mean to! I tried to get Dr. Horner, but I don't think—"

She began to cry. He led her to a chair. "Easy," he said. "Where?"

She nodded toward the living room.

"Stay here. I'll be right back."

He went into the living room. The middle-aged servant woman lay there on the floor. Her plain face was still —expressionless. There was a stain, wet and spreading, on her dress over her chest. A pistol of German make lay on the carpet near her. He got her limp wrist between thumb and fingers. There was no pulse. He lifted her and put her on a davenport. She

BY FRED ALLHOFF with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

"Mary Ann" brought
r and a crash party.
were pulled aboard.

feet soaked in perspiration

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wouldn't need a doctor. He went back and said to Peggy, gently:

"Tell me what happened."

Peggy was now able to talk, and seemed to find relief in talking.

"Greta—her name's Greta Müller—and I were here alone. It was late, and I asked her to bring me some tea. I had the radio on when she came back. A news broadcast from the States. I made some remarks about Hitler.

"Doug, she began to act like a person gone mad. I thought she was going to hit me. She said she wouldn't listen to insults about the Führer. She said Americans were a soft, wasteful l t and deserved what was going to happen to them. She said what had happened here and at the Panama Canal was only a taste of what would happen from one coast of the United States to the other unless we submitted. She said America was doomed.

"Japan and Russia—though Russia didn't realize it yet, she said—were assisting Germany in her attack upon our country. All the plans had been made by the German High Command and Hitler himself. They would be carried out with split-second accuracy. She looked at her watch and said:

"'If you do not believe me, listen: In exactly three minutes there will be a raid on this island.' And, Doug, in three minutes we heard bombs in the distance.

"I told her, 'You know what happens to people like you in wartime.' She said, 'I do not care. My work is through and I would gladly lay down my life for the Führer.'

"I got up and started for the telephone. She took a pistol from her dress and made me sit down. When the raid was over the phone rang. She wouldn't let me answer it."

THAT had been his call, Lieutenant Norton realized. Many things were now clear. It had been no accident that the Joyce estate twice had escaped bombing. This servant who had managed to attach herself to the staff of the Joyce household was a German agent. Silently, bitterly he damned the giddy and fabulously rich Joyce sisters. They reveled in inviting to their home prominent persons, including such men high in the United States army and navy as would accept their invitations. Their home had been a fertile field for just this sort of thing.

The dead woman had probably been the local contact agent. She would have paid for the placing of the gasoline flares that had directed bombers during the first raid on the island. Paid with money received from . . .

"Did she mention von Holtz?" he asked.

Peggy O'Liam shook her head.

"No. I remember now that I saw him talking to her once, months ago. But, Doug, I haven't told you the worst thing. I said to her that when our fleet reached the Atlantic coast the Germans wouldn't find it so easy. She just laughed at me. She said that by the time the sun rose the United States would have few if any battleships left; that they had plans for our fleet, too. I asked her what she meant, and she said something that sounded like 'boot' and said, 'You'll know soon enough.'"

"Was it *Unterseeboote?*"

"Yes."

So that was it. Submarines! It was probably a submarine in which von Holtz had left the islands, too.

"I didn't know what she meant," the girl continued, "except that Uncle Burt was in danger. It made me angry and I jumped up, and that surprised her, I guess. She almost dropped the gun, and I managed to get my hands around her wrist and bend it back. The gun went off and . . ."

She shuddered. He told her very quietly:

"You'll have to make yourself forget that now."

HE began to try to piece the meager facts together. It would be quite logical for the enemy, after bottling the United States fleet in the Pacific as far as the Canal was concerned, to try to destroy it long before it could reach the Atlantic around Cape Horn.

If they planned a hit-and-run attack by submarines, they could not do better than to make the attempt at dark, when the fleet was only a few hours out. Given time, Admiral Sterrett could get out into the ocean and have a better chance to maneuver and avoid a massed attack. But if the enemy were quietly lying in wait now, off Hawaii or Maui, their surprise attack might riddle the fleet. True, they'd lose a lot of subs. But the subs would be those of Japan and Russia. And Russia, particularly, had plenty to lose. She had had 150, more than any other nation, as long ago as 1940, when it was still possible to form an idea of a nation's naval might. Fast-diving subs, many of them, with a remarkable surface speed. And Japan had had her share, including some long-range ones that could cross the Pacific and return without refueling.

Altogether, it was a foregone conclusion that at this moment, out in the path of Admiral Sterrett's fleet, there was lying in wait a terrific concentration of enemy submarines.

Norton explained some of this to Peggy.

"Can't we do something?" she demanded.

"Where's a phone?"

She led him to one, and he put through a call to Fitzroy. When he hung up, his face was grave.

"Our communications are all shot," he told her. "The island's cut off—everything gone but the local telephone system. Cable's gone. Radio stations got it tonight in the raid. Admiral Sterrett left behind in Pearl Harbor a station ship to reach him at sea by radio. That ship was sunk. Combination of good bombing and local sabotage, I guess. Fitzroy says

we may have a radio working in anything from two to five hours, but even if we do there'll be no assurance that the fleet gets the message, because Admiral Sterrett won't radio back for fear of disclosing his position."

Very quietly she asked him, "How far out are they—Burt and the boys?"

He looked at his watch. It was 2.29 A. M. The fleet had sailed around 7.30 P. M.

"Somewhere between a hundred and a hundred and twenty miles."

"Air miles?"

"Hundred and twenty would cover it."

And then, with a jolt, it came to him what she was thinking of—setting out in a tiny landplane over a lot of deep water to overtake and warn Admiral Sterrett. He said soberly:

"That's a pretty fancy brand of suicide you're playing with."

And she replied stubbornly:

"Burt would do it for me."

He began questioning her about the little two-place ship. It had a cruising speed of 120 miles an hour, and its range of 600 miles would be more than ample, but . . .

"There hasn't been any gas for civilian flying lately," she said. "I've got about an hour and three quarters in the tank."

An hour and three quarters! Two hundred miles! That was slicing it pretty thin.

She produced a chart. "The fleet," she said, pointing, "should be somewhere off here—Alenuihaha Channel, between the islands of Hawaii and Maui—right now. They'll probably follow the regular lanes until they're out of the islands. We can be at this spot in an hour. In that hour they can't make more than fifteen miles or so. If we're lucky—and we've got to be—we'll find them. If we're not . . ." She shrugged pretty shoulders. "We can head east and probably find a place to squat down on Hawaii."

WHILE she readied the little plane, Norton spent five minutes searching Greta Müller's room. It was five minutes wasted. He found nothing. She had the motor warmed up and ready when he went outside. He climbed in and found she had stowed life preservers in back of the seat.

There was no nervousness about the girl now. She gave her instrument panel a final check, gunned the motor, and "horsed" the plane off the smooth lawn so expertly that he was not aware when its wheels had left the ground. They cleared the wall, circled, and, a few minutes later, with Oahu behind them, were out over the Pacific.

There were masses of broken clouds overhead and she climbed through them and on up to 8,000 feet, where, picking up a slight tail wind, she leveled off. Between cloud patches he scanned the black water beneath them. They flew on, and once, when he lit a cigarette for her, he saw that her face was relaxed under the

The spanking I never forgot

1. I don't believe in spanking children. But darn it all, sometimes a youngster can sure drive a grownup wild. Like mine did me—yesterday.

2. It all started innocently when Billy wouldn't take his laxative. At first I tried coaxing. But that didn't work. Then when I started to force it on him, he sent the spoon flying out of my hand. So I lost my temper and gave him an unmerciful spanking.

3. I felt awful all day. Mrs. Saunders, our new next-door neighbor, saw me moping in the back yard, and asked what was wrong. I told her the whole story. When I got through, she shook her head and said I had made a terrible mistake.

4. She said it was old-fashioned to force a child to take a nasty-tasting medicine. And worse still, it could shock his delicate nervous system. She said that when a child needed a laxative he should get a nice-tasting one—made *especially* for children—like Fletcher's Castoria.

5. Mrs. Saunders said she had given Fletcher's Castoria to her two children. And that I could take her word it's always mild and *thorough*. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to bring on cramping pains. She said she'd never given her youngsters a safer, better-working laxative.

6. Well, you can be sure I bought a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria right away. And I found it as effective as Mrs. Saunders said. But what tickled me was the neat way it solved my laxative problem. Honestly, I never saw a child go for a medicine like mine goes for Fletcher's Castoria.

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tonic spell of flying, free of tension. Some minutes later he discovered that the clouds had massed beneath them. They could no longer see the water.

She nosed the little plane down and they came out beneath the clouds at 1,500 feet. He looked at his watch. It was three forty. In seven minutes they should overtake the fleet. The seven minutes passed. Nothing! His eyes were drawn uneasily to the gasoline gauge. It looked perilously close to EMPTY. They had, at most, a little more than one half hour of flying left in that gas tank.

"If we turn east now, and head for Hawaii," Peggy said, "we should make it easily. The fleet's probably to our west. If we look for them now, we may not be able to get back to land. Which shall we do?"

It was not an easy decision to make. The moment called for heroics. He didn't find himself feeling heroic. Over the horizon were creeping the first light streaks of dawn. They might never see another dawn if they turned west, away from Hawaii toward open sea. His stomach felt cold and uneasy. He did not want to die. Nor did he think it fair that this girl beside him—young, beautiful, happily eager for life—should have to die.

And then he thought of the people at home in America—his people and hers—who might well die unless the United States could re-establish control over the Atlantic.

"We started this thing," he told her softly.

Fear had made her own face taut, but she smiled a little as she banked the plane and turned west. He half rose in the seat beside her. His lips found hers. She said, when he had kissed her:

"I had hoped you might do that."

They flew west for five minutes, saw nothing. It seemed hopeless. And then he heard her say: "Look, Doug."

She was already banking the plane in a turn to the south when he saw it. Down on the dark water beneath them was a series of whitish streaks, the thinning wake of many ships—the trail of the United States fleet. He felt like shouting. She dove down to five hundred feet, lined the plane up with that wake, and followed it.

A minute later they were roaring over the fleet's train—its oilers and their slender, alert, zigzagging destroyers. Huddled in the center of the tight battle formation was a line of "covered wagons"—the navy's aircraft carriers—and just ahead of these were the mighty lines of America's sea sluggers, her great battleships.

On the outer edge of the rectangle composed of the battleships, carriers, and train hovered rows of destroyers. Beyond, in a far-flung circle, were more destroyers and cruisers, poking protective inquisitive snouts into the sea.

There, beneath them, was the massed force of most of the United States Navy, and Lieutenant Norton felt an instinctive surge of pride.

In the semidarkness they flew quite low over the water and close enough so that he could distinguish the recognition letters painted aft on the Saratoga's flight deck.

"There's the Sara," he said. "We'd better circle and come in beside her. We're not equipped to land on her flight deck. We'd probably barge into some of her planes. We'll have to take our chances on landing in the water beside her."

He saw Peggy nod. And then he made out the outlines of the navy's new pride and joy, the 40,000-ton Virginia. The Old Man would be aboard the Virginia. He had chosen her as his flagship. She had a special fighting top, built for his use.

"Would Admiral Sterrett know your plane?"

"I think so," Peggy said. "He's been up in it."

He told her to fly by the Virginia several times, flying reasonably close aboard. The mighty battleship was running, as was the rest of the fleet, under dim blue battle lights. Once, as they passed, he saw a head and shoulders silhouetted on the navigation bridge. He opened the cockpit window, leaned out, and made forward—then downward—motions with one arm. The girl said:

"We're almost out of gas."

He saw the Saratoga pull out of formation, pointed her out.

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"Come in on her port quarter," he instructed. "I think they're getting ready to pick us up." He added, to himself, "Or take a shot at us."

As Peggy dropped the left wing to bank into the wind, he pulled down the life preservers and put one in her lap. The safety belt had to be left on until they were in the water. They could flip open the buckle in a trice and dive out of the door in case their little plane began to break up in the heavy onshore swell that was running. Peggy eased back on the throttle, and Norton mentally rehearsed his escape procedure as she inched down through the dim light. There was, of course, no chance to make a normal landing. At that low altitude it was impossible to tell where sky and water met. However, Peggy did a masterful night landing. All the way down through the long pancake approach, she held the "ship" in a quarter-gun power stall, with the control column well back and her hand ready to cut the switch the instant the tail wheel touched the water. And that instant was a long time—interminably long—in coming. She and Norton could do nothing but sit there and wait while the airplane squashed shuddering on down.

They hit with a resounding smack as a big wave reached up to grab at them. The little ship reared high into the air, hung there half over on its back for a moment or two, then fell off on a wing into a trough some three or four waves away. Norton's seamanship told him that there was no time to waste before the next wave would crash down upon them. His fingers frantically tore open the safety-belt buckle; then he grabbed for the cabin door with one hand, reaching for Peggy's wrist with the other. He had taken his shoes off, and his foot slipped as he tried to get up. There was no time for life preservers now; the big wave had opened its mouth to swallow them. As it was, he barely had the girl halfway through the door before it made its gulp.

Too close for comfort, he thought, as he towed her on through the waves to avoid getting tangled in the wreckage. However, in a few seconds more they were swimming side by side on the surface, while the valiant little plane spiraled on down to Davy Jones' locker.

THE Saratoga had pulled about and already was launching a motor "Mary Ann"—a crash boat bringing a doctor and a crash party. The two were pulled aboard, and a lieutenant grinned and said:

"It's a good thing you flew low and had the look and sound of a commercial puddle-jumper! We had half a dozen five-inch guns and a flock of antiaircraft pom-poms drawing a bead on you when we got the order to hold fire, The Old Man wants to see you—and your story had better be good."

In Admiral Sterrett's quarters aboard his flagship, Norton wearing borrowed clothes, Peggy O'Liam wrapped in warm dry blankets, they told the admiral their story. He had already issued orders for a change of course, and Norton, through a porthole, could hear the noise of planes roaring off the flight decks of the carriers Hornet, Yorktown, Enterprise, Wasp, Lexington, Saratoga, and others.

Admiral Sterrett, caressing the bowl of his pipe, said, "I've been at sea a long while, but this is the first time I ever heard of a mass attack by submarines in darkness. It would be dangerous—for them. They'd be diving into each other. And they'd stand a chance of being rammed by us."

He put the pipe in his mouth, took it out again.

"Could be done, though. If each sub had followed a specified course during the attack, they probably could have avoided ramming each other and might even have gotten away after giving us a bad time of it all around. Element of surprise alone would have been in their favor. But now the shoe's on the other foot. If they're still hanging around out there, our bombing planes and destroyers will make it hot for them. Sandy bottom around here. They'll be easy to find, even in this light, unless they can get down deep, and do it fast."

AND they were found—nearly two hundred Japanese and Russian submarines, lying in wait along Sterrett's course. The scouting planes got to them first, and went to work on those that had not begun to submerge, strafing their gun crews with machine-gun bullets, leaving them easy prey for the torpedo planes and bombers which followed. Submarines that had already begun their dives were attacked with shattering depth charges by destroyers.

Destroyer Squadrons One and Nine, meanwhile, had steamed ahead on a fan-shaped course, dropping more depth bombs. The Farragut reported later that she had rammed and sunk a Jap long-range sub of the Kaigun type, while the Warrington, in the same fashion, had accounted for the Dekamolka, pride of the Russian undersea fleet.

An hour later, as Lieutenant Norton and Peggy O'Liam sat in his quarters in their own clothing, freshly dried and pressed, Admiral Sterrett totted up the score and found that 103 enemy submarines had been accounted for.

A younger officer said, "And only two of our scout planes failed to return. A fine buy for us, sir."

The commander in chief nodded absently and, when the officer had left, said slowly, "A fine buy, but we had men—nice young men—in those two planes."

Later, when Peggy, beginning to show strain, had been sent away for a short nap, he told Norton:

"I'm going to get you and Peggy back to Honolulu, lieutenant, on one of our catapult planes. You can land in the harbor and our pilot can rejoin us. We'll need him before we're through."

"You face a hard trip, sir."

Admiral Sterrett shrugged. "It'll be hard on the men," he admitted. "Tough on the air pilots, too. We'll have to keep patrols in the air night and day. And we'll have to fuel somewhere along the coast of South America. That may be a problem, with the countries south of us none too friendly. And the subs will be on our tail. Hope I can keep my tankers intact. Well, we all have a job cut out for us."

He gave Lieutenant Norton two envelopes to deliver. One was addressed to Admiral Martin Nettleton, Chief of Naval Operations in Washington; the other to Lieutenant Commander Dudley Fitzroy in Honolulu.

"They'll get planes through to Honolulu in a day or two," he said. "Risky journey—both ways. Try to get Peggy back to the States safely. And don't let her brood over that damned woman that got shot. She's a fine, sensitive girl."

"She's that, sir," Norton agreed fervently.

The Old Man looked at him sharply.

"Just the same, don't let her talk you into any penny-a-point pinochle. Best pinochle player I ever saw that wore skirts. Too bad I can't take her on this cruise. I guess I don't have to tell you," he said gruffly, "that the pair of you did a damned-fool thing today—and that it's lucky for us that you did."

Norton flushed. The admiral scratched the back of his ear. He held out his hand.

"That's about all, I guess. Good luck, lieutenant."

"The same to you, sir."

FIFTEEN minutes later they were catapulted off the Virginia in a seaplane, and the pilot circled and waggled his wings as they roared past the fighting top that, high above the upper bridge, was the pride and joy of Admiral Sterrett. They could see him wave an arm in farewell, and they were silent—Peggy O'Liam and Lieutenant Norton—for a while after that. Their thoughts were the same. Would he get his fleet safely around the Horn? And, if he did, would it be merely to find himself up against the overwhelming combined naval forces of Russia, Germany, and Japan?

Thirty minutes after that Honolulu came in sight, and as they circled to come in Norton saw three of the navy's new sub-stratosphere flying boats at rest near the seaplane ramp where Honolulu's naval hangars and squadrons had been demolished during the first raid.

They came down into the harbor and disembarked, and the pilot taxied out again to take off at once for the return trip to the Virginia.

Fitzroy was at officers' quarters at Pearl Harbor. He read the letter from Admiral Sterrett, put it aside.

"You probably saw those three planes in the harbor," he said.

I saw my dentist flinch!

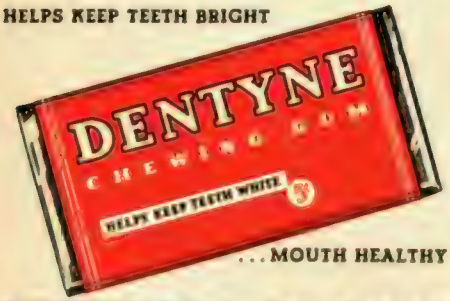
My dentist had no toothache—it was his pride that was hurt.

He said, "I did a beautiful cleaning job on your teeth last time you were here and now look how dull they are!" And then he gave me a valuable tip—

"Why don't you try chewing Dentyne—regularly, every day! It's extra *firm* chewing gum, you know. Helps cleanse and polish your teeth. Yes, helps 'em keep their bright sparkle. Gives your teeth healthful exercise, too, and tones up gums and mouth tissues. Try some Dentyne right now!"

One taste of that spicy flavor and I was all for Dentyne—it's so delicious, so refreshing! I bought a package quick—it's just the right shape to slip into my bag, so I always have Dentyne handy. And it does help keep my teeth pearly-bright. But try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!

HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT



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DENTYNE

"They finally got our serums to us. We'll need them, for I have an idea this island is going to be cut off from the world for some time. A lot of the gas cases are showing signs of turning into pneumonia. And we've got a few cholera cases bobbing up. I hope that doesn't spread. Oh, well. The orders are that those planes are to fly you two back to the States."

"I'd like to go home," Peggy O'Liam said. "I won't pretend that I wouldn't. But it seems somehow like running away."

Fitzroy grinned. "Not unless you call jumping from the frying pan into the fire running away. There aren't any ivory towers left in the world any more. Things are about ready to explode in—or over—the States now. You'll get there just in time for the fun, I'm afraid.

"We haven't got our own radio communications working yet and we're not even getting news from the Coast. I was listening to Amos and Andy over a Seattle station last night. They went off the air right in the middle of the program, with Andy about to be hauled off to jail in the story. Hell of a thing!"

"Air-raid alarm?" asked Norton.

"I suppose so. Anyway, the Coast radio stations were off all last night. Well, your plane leaves at three. Don't miss it."

THE three navy planes, however, did not get off until 7 P. M. Fitzroy had come down to the ramp to see them off. Peggy O'Liam gravely kissed him good-by. As he shook hands with Lieutenant Norton, he said:

"If the cable's working when you get back, let me know if they took Andy to jail, will you?"

"I'll do that. Best of luck, sir!"

"Thanks. We'll be cozy enough here."

That was a lie. They both knew it; both accepted it with a straight face. The island of Oahu was doomed. And every one on it. Facing an epidemic, cut off from supplies, lacking aircraft, the well fortified island would put up a bitter but futile fight. The enemy could harass it at leisure. . . .

Once in the air, Norton took a last look at the island, basking in the rays of a setting sun. The planes climbed rapidly to 25,000 feet. In the heated, oxygen-pressured cabin the altitude had no noticeable effect. Darkness came. They were flying without navigation lights over clouds that blotted out the sea beneath them.

The second pilot came back around midnight. "How are things in the States?" Norton asked him.

"Not so good," he answered frankly. "Not on the Pacific coast, at least. When they grabbed our Alaskan bases, that gave them control of the North Pacific, knocked out any chance of our stinging them with a flank attack.

"The Russians have eight million troops. They're pouring into Alaska from Siberia. The Japs, with almost as many, are coming across by way of the Aleutians. That's why they picked this time of the year, I suppose. The Aleutians have tricky currents and dangerous reefs, but the Japs have investigated those in their so-called fishing boats. Their only handicap was fog. August is the one month in the year when it lifts."

"What are we doing about it?"

"We've sent a couple of divisions from the Ninth Corps Area up to join the Canadians, but the enemy's moving down from Alaska faster than we can get our men up to meet them. Seems we never got around to finishing a highway gap in Canada that would have joined Alaska to our American transportation system.

"Alaska's been getting the brunt of it, of course. No coastal defenses. Juneau was wiped out in one night by incendiary bombs. If we can't reinforce the garrison at Chilkoot Barracks before they get there with tanks and troops, those men will be massacred.

"No foreign soldier in this war has set foot upon the soil of any one of our forty-eight states—yet. But the stage is all set for it, and meanwhile they're giving us a little war of nerves. All the coastal cities are getting it. Ketchikan, Prince Rupert and Victoria in British Columbia have had air raids. Night before last they dropped a few bombs on Seattle. No casualties and not much damage. Then, just to show us what they could do, they flew down over Portland and as far south as San Francisco. Russian planes, I guess. They dropped some pamphlets inviting us all to become comrades before it was too late. Our antiaircraft guns knocked a few of them out of the sky, so next time they'll drop bombs."

"And they come from our own Alaskan bases?"

"That's right. Dutch Harbor, Kodiak, Sitka. Sitka's less than a thousand miles from Seattle."

"Can't we take those bases back?"

IT would take more planes than we can spare right now," the pilot replied. "Besides, we'd have to train new pilots in arctic flying. There's no time for that now."

"It doesn't look very pleasant."

"It isn't. We've had to feel our way, so far. We don't know how or where to place our heaviest concentrations of troops and guns and planes. Hitler's giving our east coast air raids and a war of nerves while he gets ready. The Russians and Japs are treating us to the same dose in the west. The Mexicans, under the new Arranza government, are combining occasional air raids in Texas with some of the old Pancho Villa guerrilla raids along the border towns. And the Germans can strike from South America as well.

"All of those things have to be taken into account. The Russians and Japs, for example, can send planes up from Dutch Harbor, Sitka, and Kodiak. The planes rendezvous somewhere at sea. They have a concentrated force. And a definite objective.

Since we don't know what city they're going to try to bomb, we just have to sit tight."

Lieutenant Norton said, "I notice we're flying without navigation lights. Safer that way?"

The pilot nodded. "The Japs and Russians have decided that, for the moment at least, the Pacific is their playground," he said. "They're flying all around it. I'd hoped we'd get away from Pearl Harbor earlier. We'll get to Frisco after dawn, now. We'll have some sun in our eyes and it won't be too easy to spot any patrols they may have up. Keep your fingers crossed!"

They slept for a while after that—the deep sound sleep of exhaustion—as the three sub-stratosphere flying boats roared onward.

The sun streaming in upon Norton's face woke him. Peggy O'Liam, in the seat across from his, said, "Good morning. We're one hundred and twenty miles from San Francisco. Half an hour more. We're almost home."

He was about to reply when the plane banked sharply to the left.

"Doug, what is it?" she cried.

"I don't know."

HIS eyes fought the bright sunlight outside. He saw something dark dive past them, and he saw the leading ship of their V formation, trailing smoke, drop and spin crazily downward. He heard nothing except the roar of their own engines and the chatter of their machine guns, but he saw a row of tiny black holes appear in their right wing. Then a rattle like that of hailstones sounded against the cabin and more holes appeared in a row above their heads.

He could feel the air coming through, cold and crisp, and he felt strangely buoyant and good. He saw a cluster of little fighting ships wheeling, in the distance, to climb and come down on them, head on, for another try. They bore the insignia of the Rising Sun upon their wings. He began to count them—and found that he could not concentrate.

He realized, with a dull shock, that the exhilaration, the trigger alertness he had felt was but the momentary result of high altitude and lack of oxygen in the no longer airtight cabin of the plane. He fumbled at the buckle of his safety belt, and his fingers seemed clumsy, inept, unresponsive.

He knew that unless he could act swiftly, could make a suddenly befogged mind and slowing reflexes obey him, both he and the girl would be unconscious. And it would be too late.

Deadly peril! At such an altitude, how can they escape? And what are Hitler's Russian and Japanese allies and dupes attempting in the Northwest against the Stars and Stripes? For an eyewitness account of the first invasion of the continental United States in 1945, the first blitzkrieg siege of an American city, read Lightning in the Night next week!

IT GETS THERE FAST

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A little pressure on the starter...your engine snaps to action. A touch on the accelerator and you're away.

That's Texaco *FIRE-CHIEF* performance for you...eager...effortless...alive! Quicker starts...smoother go...and real economy every mile you drive. That's what controlled volatility *plus* knock-free smoothness does.

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Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—starring Kenny Baker and Frances Langford every Wednesday Night—C. B. S.—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

Just a Song at Twilight

Laughs! . . A new, hilarious adventure of our ineffable Ed, the talking horse

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THIS Wilbur Pope was an advertising account executive with Ingman Anger Basterson & Klee. Or maybe it was Fenton Finigan Tashman & Clunk. I can't remember except that it was in that meter and anyway it doesn't matter because it has nothing to do with the story. It's just so you'll remember about him being the one that had the talking horse. And the rest of his permanent establishment consisted of a beautiful temperamental wife named Carlotta and an equally temperamental female whom they hired at a star copy writer's salary to live in the kitchen and cook and put nicks in the best Sèvres dinner service. It's this last party the story is mostly about. Her name was Carrie.

The Popes had had new cooks every month or so but Carrie was the first good one they had ever had. Her soups were collectors' items and her soufflés were so light that they would float in the bathtub. But she was not contented. She'd always lived in the city and she was lonesome in Mount Kisco. She had no gentleman callers at all. Though I think the fault was with Carrie rather than with Mount Kisco. The way to a man's heart may be through his stomach but the way to his stomach is through his face and if he won't face you in the first place you haven't much chance of getting him to try your cooking. So Carrie began to talk about leaving.

So Mrs. Pope was talking about it one evening. O dear she said if Carrie leaves I guess we'll just have to give up the house and take an apartment in town. Well Mr. Pope did not want to leave Mount Kisco for many reasons and one of them was that he wouldn't be able to keep his horse Ed in the city. Of course Mrs. Pope didn't know that Ed could talk and she was always at Mr. Pope to get rid of him because he was such an awful looking horse. And indeed Ed was not handsome. But he was darned good company and Mr. Pope was much attached to him. So he began to depict the advantages of Mount Kisco and being an advertising man he ranged freely among the adjectives and he was just getting going good when somewhere out in the night a hoarse voice began to sing:

"O my darling Carrie!
The girl I'm going to marry!
Every evening just at eight,
Standing by the garden gate—"

Good heavens said Mrs. Pope is that Carrie singing? Not unless her voice is changing said Mr. Pope. I've heard her singing at her work.

"O what bliss
For just one kiss
From Ca-a-arrie!"

The voice ended with a roar. Good Lord! said Mr. Pope I'd better go see.

The kitchen was dark and he went through it and out into the garden. There seemed to be nobody there. Then a voice from an upper window said That was right pretty Mr.—I guess I don't know your name. Mr. Pope looked up. Is that you Carrie? he said. O excuse me Mr. Pope said Carrie with a heavy giggle. I thought you was him. Him? said Mr. Pope. Who? I don't know said Carrie.

We don't seem to be getting anywhere said Mr. Pope. That wasn't you singing was it? Me? said Carrie Lord no sir I can't even carry a tune. This fellow could carry one all right said Mr. Pope though I don't know where he carried it to. He seems to have disappeared. Yes sir said the cook I guess he heard you come out. She giggled again. I kind of thought she said that he was—well kind of serenading me like. I see said Mr. Pope. An anonymous admirer.

So he went in and told Mrs. Pope. Heavens! she said do you think this

BY WALTER BROOKS

is to be a regular feature? I don't think so said Mr. Pope. No human throat could stand the strain. But if it makes Carrie happy! O if it makes her contented said Mrs. Pope I'd accept a fife and drum corps.

Well before going to bed Mr. Pope went out to say good night to Ed. He kept a bottle in the barn and he and Ed usually had a nightcap together. Well Wilb said the horse how did you enjoy the concert? O so you listened to that too? said Mr. Pope. Listened to it! said Ed Hell I gave it! You *what?* said Mr. Pope. Gave it said Ed. You see Wilbur that Carrie—she's kind of starved for romance the way I figure it. And when I see somebody that's unhappy—well I have to try to make things a little easier for them. You take a funny way to do it said Mr. Pope. I suppose it seems funny to you said Ed seeing you ain't got a fine natural baritone like I have. Never had a lesson in my life—would you believe it?

Look Ed said Mr. Pope let's not go into what I think of your voice. What surprises me is the age of your repertoire. That Carrie song is a mossback. When you've lived around stables as long as I have said Ed you'll know a lot of songs. Some of 'em ain't exactly the kind you sing to ladies though. Listen Wilb—jever hear this one?. It goes Stampee stampoodle stianti go foodle— Yes interrupted Mr. Pope I know it and I'm surprised at you Ed. I'm going to bed. And no lullabies please.

WELL the next evening Ed serenaded Carrie again. *Stars of the summer night* crashed in a blitzkrieg on the eardrums of the Popes as they sat at bridge with the Hoveys. Really we can't have this said Mrs. Pope. Wilbur go send that person away. So Mr. Pope went out and found Ed among the syringas under Carrie's window. She sleeps! Ed roared. My lady sleeps! Like hell she does said Mr. Pope. Through that hullabaloo! Well said Ed the guy that wrote the song didn't really expect her to sleep or he wouldn't have sung it. Psst! There she is!

A wide shape appeared at the window and something was tossed out and fell on the grass. It's a rose whispered Ed. Pick it up for me will you? Mr. Pope hesitated but Carrie could not possibly recognize him in the darkness so he stepped out from the bushes and retrieved the rose. My beloved! said Ed tenderly. I shall always cherish this flower next my heart. Carrie giggled. O *you* she said. Wait she said. I'll be down. No no said Ed I cannot reveal myself to you. Not yet. O I guess you can said Carrie. I've got half of a nice cherry pie for you. Wait. She vanished.

I've got to go back in Mr. Pope said to Ed. Now be careful. We don't want to lose Carrie. Neither do I want to lose her said Ed. Anybody that passes out pies.

Well the next day was Saturday and Ed and Mr. Pope went for a ride. They never rode very far. Today as usual they got as far as the nearest tavern where they had some beer and then they found a shady place and sat down and talked. How did you come out with Carrie? asked Mr. Pope. O I got the pie said Ed. Yeah. She came out on the back porch with it and I says Hey don't come any farther. I don't want you to recognize me. I've got a special reason I says and if you'll sit down I'll tell you about it. So she sat down in her rocker and I come up closer to her behind all that woodbine and then I told her that I was a friend of yours that came to the house regular and that I had sort of fallen for her but I didn't want her to know who I was yet because it would be embarrassing for both of us—her waiting on me and us pretending not to know each other and so on. But I said I'd like to serenade her and talk to her and then I said when the time was ripe I'd disclose myself. And I left it sort of vague what would happen after that. I should think so! said Mr. Pope.

Well I don't know said Ed. You see how it'll work don't you? I'll come around and give her a sort of romantic interest in life and she won't talk any more about leaving. And when you have company she'll make a special effort because she'll think maybe it's me. I expect she'll pick on Bill Wesson said Mr. Pope. He's got a voice something like yours. She left the pie out for me when she went in said Ed. 'Twasn't exactly a balanced meal with your Bourbon she poured out for me to wash it down with but it set like a feather.

Well I guess it was the next Sunday the Wessons came to dinner. They all had a few drinks and then Mr. Wesson went in to the piano. He had kind of a bass voice. His low notes sounded like a bus going over a bridge. He struck a chord and rumbled into *Asleep in the Deep.*

O JUDAS! said Mr. Pope and he pulled his chair around so that he could see into the living-room window. After a minute Carrie came and stood in the doorway gazing at the singer with heavy rapture. Beware! So beware! thundered Mr. Wesson. It was a better voice than Ed's but had the same quality. That was lovely Mr. Wesson said Carrie. Why thank you Carrie I'm glad you liked it said Mr. Wesson. Carrie came closer. Look Mr. Wesson she said the folks are all outside. Aren't you—well honest now aren't you the one? The *one?* said Mr. Wesson. I don't get you Carrie. Well you—you *could* Mr. Wesson said Carrie coyly. Then she said Shucks you don't have to be afraid of me. I won't give you away.

Well I don't know what Mr. Wesson had been up to but he turned pale. I—I don't know what you mean he said. And then Mr. Pope who had been practically cataleptic with amusement and horror came and stuck his head in the window. Oughtn't you to be looking after the dinner Carrie? he said. And Carrie squawked and left.

So they had dinner and nothing happened except that everybody noticed the sheep's eyes that Carrie served with every dish to Mr. Wessor and Mrs. Wesson said Bill seems to have been turning the old charm on again. But after the Wessons had gone Mrs. Pope told Mr. Pope that Carrie had given notice. Notice! said Mr. Pope why I thought she just decided that she wasn't lonesome any more. Well she's changed again said Mrs. Pope.

Well that's a fine thing! said Mr. Pope. But later he got the explanation from Ed. She thinks I'm that Wesson guy said the horse. And she thinks if she gets another job with people who don't know me I won't be afraid to come around and see her.

SO Ed's scheme to keep Carrie had backfired. He felt pretty low. But there was one thing about Ed—he never gave up hope and the day Carrie left he overheard her give the expressman the address to which she wanted her trunk sent. Ed knew the house for the Witherspoons who were friends of the Popes had lived there. The present tenant was a Mr. O'Malley. So the next night which was a Wednesday he slipped his halter and at 3 A. M. he was in the O'Malleys' back garden and at 3.02 he burst into *O my darling Carrie.*

But instead of singing *Every evening just at eight* he changed the lines and sang—

Monday evening just at nine
Meet me where the grapevines twine.

For there was a grape arbor at the lower end of the garden. He sang those lines twice over and then he trotted off home. Over his shoulder he could see lights springing up in the house.

So Friday morning at two he sang *O Promise Me* in the O'Malleys' garden and Saturday morning at four he sang *In the Gloaming* and Sunday at 1.45 he sang *Juanita* and was struck on the rump by a brick thrown by the enraged O'Malley. And on Monday evening at nine he was concealed behind the grape arbor. Presently through the glimmering scented dusk came Carrie. Psst! Mr. Wesson! Carrie whispered. I'm behind the arbor said Ed. Well come out where I can see you said Carrie. I want to talk to you. She didn't seem in a very good humor. Listen said Ed I'm not coming out because I don't want you to know who I am yet. You see I know the O'Malleys just as well as I do the Popes. But I know who you are said Carrie You're— No interrupted Ed I'm not Wesson and how you could ever mistake his voice for mine I don't know.

Look here said Carrie you've got to stop this singing. Waking everybody up like you've been doing! Why I'm sorry if I've bothered the folks said Ed. But you know how it is—when I get feeling romantic it don't matter what time of night it is. I just have to pour my soul out in song. Well you'd better pour it out some-

where else said Carrie. Land sakes! When I come here I thought you'd quit being afraid to show yourself. But all you want to do is sit out and sing like a bird in a bush. O I like your singing all right but I like my job better and this O'Malley ain't a softy like that Mr. Pope. He come out in the kitchen this morning and he said if it happened again out I go.

Ed gave a snort. The man's dead to romance he said. Glorious summer night and a full moon and a mysterious singer in the garden. What more could the guy want? He could maybe want to sleep said Carrie. Anyway like it is now all I know about you is you got a voice and an appetite. Now I want you to promise me you won't do any more serenading.

There isn't hardly anything I wouldn't promise you Carrie said Ed but that's the one thing I can't. The song is in my heart and when it seeks expression I cannot deny it. It just comes bubbling out of me like beer out of a bottle. You just want to lose me my job then said Carrie. Well said Ed you can always go back to the Popes. I heard them talking about you only the other day, and wishing you'd come back.

WELL Ed was so pleased with himself that he told Mr. Pope all about it. O'Malley's sore all right he said and I think a couple more good rousing serenades will do the trick and he'll fire her. Then she won't dast go anywhere else, and she'll have to come back here. But Mr. Pope said No. You've done enough Ed he said. You're pointed for trouble. This O'Malley is president of some municipal board or other. He's in politics. You know what that means. Tough guy eh? said Ed. You mean he might plant somebody in the rhododendrons with a cannon? You can't knock off a guy just because you don't like his voice. But to make things certain Mr. Pope bought a new halter Ed couldn't slip out of and tied him securely in his stall.

At least he thought he tied him securely. But about two next morning something awoke him. He went to the window and saw movement in the shadows by the stable. Mr. Pope dressed and went out. Ed's stall was empty and the halter rope gnawed in two. He got in his car and drove over towards the O'Malleys'. The darned old fool he said if I don't round him up he'll get his silly hide full of buckshot. He was really worried.

Mr. Pope knew the layout of the O'Malley grounds. He drove down a back road and stopped and got out. When he had stumbled across two fields he was behind the hedge at the foot of the O'Malley garden. And just too late. A hoarse voice blasted the night. *She was only a bird in a gilded cage . . .*

Mr. Pope swore and scrambled through the hedge. Ed! he said. Come out of there you fool! The song broke off and Ed came trotting up. Hi Wilb he whispered. Glad you came. This is better with two voices.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

SYMBOL OF DEPENDABLE SERVICE . . . USES DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

IN CITIES AND TOWNS all over the United States, the familiar Railway Express truck is a symbol of dependable, speedy, safe delivery. Over 12,000 of these trucks are constantly on the go regardless of weather. Dependability is the watchword.

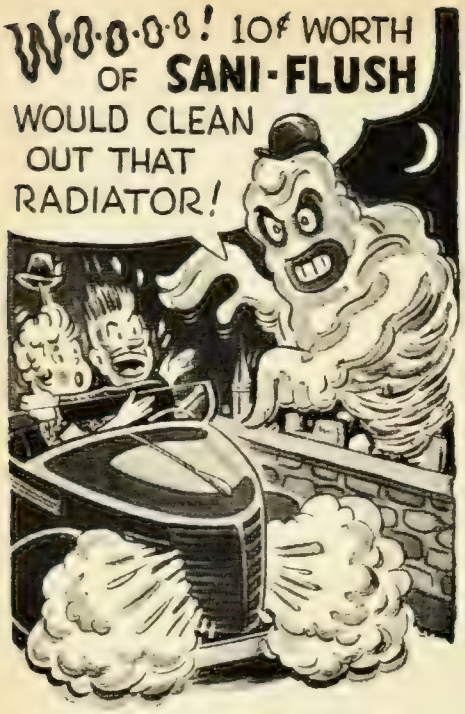
This giant fleet has used Champion Spark Plugs for years. Here is just one more outstanding proof that Champions make every engine a better performing engine —one more sound reason for you to insist on dependable Champion Spark Plugs for your car.

Champion's sensational Sillment* seal brings extra performance to every engine. Since even one "leaker" in a set will cause rough, uneven, wasteful engine operation, it is obvious that Champion's leak-proof qualities are necessary to maximum performance and economy.

Profit by the experience of Railway Express and most of the nation's largest and most efficient fleets—of the world's racing champions on land, water and in the air—by insisting on Champions for your car.

* Sillment is the sensational new material used to seal Champions against gas or compression leakage, at the shoulder and past the center electrode. This exclusive and patented process seals Champions against troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs, and contributes largely to Champions' better performance in today's high compression engines.

"PICK UP AND GO" WITH NEW CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



DON'T RISK unnecessary repair bills due to clogged radiators. Keep water circulating freely—keep motors running cool—with Sani-Flush. Cannot injure motor or fittings. Removes rust, sludge, scale, sediment. Keeps the delicate veins of a radiator clean.

Do the job yourself in a few minutes for 10c (25c for the largest truck or tractor). Or ask your service station to use Sani-Flush to do the job for you. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. *Directions are printed on the can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

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SAFE NOT CAUSTIC

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

I'M JUST WORN OUT WITH THESE SPASMS OF **ASTHMA**

SO WAS I UNTIL I TRIED BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES. THE WARM MEDICAL SMOKE HELPS LOOSEN CONGESTION AND MAKES BREATHING EASIER.

Prove it yourself. Ask any druggist for a 35¢ package of standard strength or extra strong . . . Or write for your

FREE Sample Cigarettes

THE BLOSSER CO., Dept. 3-A, Atlanta, Ga.

Please send me free sample package Blosser's Cigarettes.

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BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

Suppose you could take the tenor? But before Mr. Pope could answer flashlights flickered through the leaves and a voice said You take the other side Joe. We got him cornered.

Quick Wilb! said Ed. Back through the hedge and lie low. I'll fox 'em. And as Mr. Pope obeyed he moved down along the hedge making a good deal of noise. Mr. Pope saw the flashlights converge to his right and then there was an exclamation and another voice said Hey O'Malley we caught a horse. Got a broken halter. Well I don't know how he got here said O'Malley but that wasn't any horse singing. The fellow must be right here. He can't get away except across the field. Go outside Canby and watch if he breaks through the hedge.

Ed had wandered off with the intention of creating a diversion by bursting into song on the other side of the house. But Mr. Pope didn't know that and fearing to be cut off he bolted. In the open field the flashlights picked him up. He stopped running and walked slowly back.

You can take those lights out of my eyes he said. I'm only looking for my horse. All right boys said O'Malley. I know him. You're Wilbur Pope aren't you? And may I ask what the hell you are doing serenading my cook? I don't know anything about your cook said Mr. Pope. My horse got away tonight and a fellow told me he saw him up in this field so I came up after him. So *you* say said O'Malley. But I guess we've got you Mr. Pope. We were laying for you tonight. If you hear some one singing and you go out and catch a man running away and there isn't anybody else in the garden you're pretty sure you've got the right man.

AT that moment another man came up leading Ed. Here's my horse now said Mr. Pope. You can see he's not saddled for riding. You could ride him bareback said O'Malley. I guess you'd better come in the house Mr. Pope and we'll have a talk with the cops. Canby give Lieutenant Payson a ring will you?

The interrogation that followed was minute. Mrs. O'Malley who was a pretty dark-eyed girl was present and seemed to find it amusing but O'Malley was dead serious. Finally Carrie was brought down. She admitted that she had worked for the Popes—that she had been serenaded while there. Did it ever occur to you said O'Malley that it might be Mr. Pope who was doing the so-called singing? I protest against these idiotic questions O'Malley said Mr. Pope. You're making a fool of yourself. Somebody's making a fool of himself said O'Malley but it's not me. Answer please Carrie. Why no sir Carrie said but— But what? said O'Malley You say you never saw the singer? Well sir I did once said Carrie and giggled. Just sort of faintly when he—when he picked up a rose I threw him. A rose! murmured Mrs. O'Malley. Did he look like Mr. Pope? asked O'Malley. Why sir now you speak of it said Carrie he did—sort of. Yes sir it could have been him Only— Only what? said O'Malley Well said Carrie it wasn't his voice Disguised said O'Malley I thought that all the time. No human could have a natural voice like that.

The bell rang at this point and two state troopers were shown in. Following them came Joe rubbing his arm. The horse got away Mr. O'Malley he said. He bit me in the arm. Well he'll find his way home I daresay said O'Malley. Sit down boys he said to the troopers. Then he turned to Mr. Pope. I don't want to be too hard on you he said. Maybe we haven't a charge strong enough to hold you on but I'm convinced you're the man and whether we can hold you or not the newspapers—well you know what they'd do to you. So I'm giving you a choice. Either I turn you over to these boys here or you'll write out a full statement admitting the singing and all the rest of it and—

JUST a minute! said Mr. Pope jumping up. I've told you the exact truth O'Malley. I came after my horse. I haven't been singing to your cook or in your garden. You've called me a liar and tried to make me out a lunatic. I know you're sore and I don't blame you. But I think you are a vindictive rat and before I'd sign—

Suddenly through the window came a dreadful raucous voice.

" Pale hands I loved
Beside the Shalimar-har . . ."

For a moment they sat paralyzed. Then the entire room rose and flung itself at the door.

Mr. Pope had waited on the porch and presently they trooped back to him. With the help of the state police they had combed the garden but had found nothing—nothing but a flock of mosquitoes and Ed who was peacefully cropping the grass beside the drive. I apologize Pope said O'Malley heavily. I—what can I say? This thing has got me nuts. It certainly has said Mr. Pope. I just hope the newspapers you mentioned don't get hold of it. They'll ride me plenty said O'Malley. I'll do anything Pope— Then keep your mouth shut about it said Mr. Pope. I don't want anything. —Yes what is it Carrie? he said as the cook came up to him.

Well Mr. Pope said Carrie I guess I'd like to come back if you and Mrs. Pope'll have me. She turned to O'Malley. You'll excuse me sir but I have to say it. Mr. Pope's a nice man. And you ain't treated him like a gentleman. I don't like to stay in a house where folks act that way. O'Malley shrugged and walked away. Mr. Pope grinned. Why Carrie he said we'll be glad to have you. You call up Mrs. Pope tomorrow. He went down the steps and catching hold of Ed's halter jumped on his back and trotted off down the drive. They sang part songs all the way home.

THE END

100% EXCITEMENT

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

★★★★ FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

THE PLAYERS: Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Herbert Marshall, George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Robert Benchley, Edmund Gwenn, Harry Davenport, Eduardo Ciannelli, Martin Kosleck, Barbara Pepper, Eddie Conrad, Crauford Kent, Gertrude W. Hoffman, Jane Novak, Joan Brodel, Louis Borrell, Eily Malyon, E. E. Clive. Screen story by Charles Bennett and Joan Harrison. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Produced by Walter Wanger-United Artists. Running time, 120 minutes.

THIS is not a war picture but a breathless yarn of high adventure among the intrepid newspapermen who cover Europe for America to read over the breakfast table. You have a fabulous American reporter battling a sinister, ruthless gang of international spies while, in the background, the world gets ready to kill or be killed.

You know Alfred Hitchcock for his Rebecca, The 39 Steps, and The Lady Vanishes. Here he starts at high speed, never lets down, holds you alternatingly tense and limp for two hours. He pauses for romance, repeatedly fools you when urbane, kindly gentlemen suddenly turn into fiends and suave, sinister worldlings become stalwart, honest souls. In his two hours he packs a series of surprises, achieves a sustained mood of excitement. There is one breathless interlude when a smiling, servile English servingman leads our hero to a tower top, there to kill him with a well directed push. There is an arresting sequence in a lonely Dutch windmill in the midst of a desolate tract of Holland marsh. There are events of singular horror in a British inn held by secret foreign agents when the Nazis torture an old diplomat for his secret. And the yarn reaches a tremendous climax when a great transatlantic Clipper is sent hurtling into the sea.

I am not going to tell you the plot. It is simply foreign correspondent Johnny Jones seemingly battling all Europe, falling in love with the lovely daughter of the head of a

Mr. Hitchcock scores again with a thrilling tale of high adventure

Joel McCrea in a scene from one of the season's most exciting films — Foreign Correspondent.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Recently we conducted a cozy little questionnaire of our own to determine what ingredient was most in demand when it came to film-fare.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which, we asked, do you prefer to have dominate (check one): ☐ romance? ☐ action? ☐ comedy? ☐ tragedy? ☐ suspense? ☐ mystery? ☐ farce?

★ ★ ★ ★

Suspense won, hands down. Thus the secret of popular success in fiction is again as open a secret as ever.

★ ★ ★ ★

From Charles Dickens on down (and you can go pretty far on down from him) suspense has been a key to the best seller.

★ ★ ★ ★

In recent days, "Gone With The Wind" and "Escape" have found the most successful public response. "Escape" was written by Ethel Vance, which is a pseudonym. It is now in its twelfth edition and has sold a quarter million copies in these increasingly United States.

★ ★ ★ ★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer outbid all competitors. The sky seems to be the limit to the film rights for the right film.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mervyn LeRoy was chosen to direct "Escape" and the producer, Lawrence Weingarten, agreed that it should be made with complete fidelity to the original thrilling story—the story of Emmy Ritter, the actress, and the attempted escape from her barbed-wire captivity—

★ ★ ★ ★

—the story of Countess Von Treck and the curious love of General Kurt which was somewhat interrupted by the young American who dared to invade the hostile territory for the sake of his mother.

"Escape" stars Norma Shearer in an unforgettable role, Robert Taylor in an equally unforgettable role. And, lest we forget, Conrad Veidt and the famous Nazimova herself also in unforgettable roles.

★ ★ ★ ★

Why all these unforgettables? Simply because "Escape" is an unforgettable picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is the story about which everybody said "I could not put down the book."

★ ★ ★ ★

The film is the book. Therefore, it is almost fitting to say you can't put down the film.

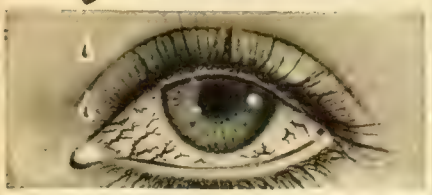
★ ★ ★ ★

In other words, you can't escape "Escape".

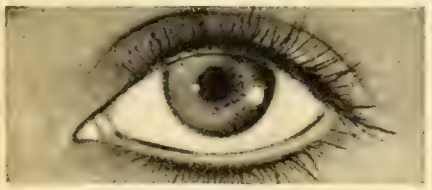
—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

Clear, Soothe TIRED* EYES IN SECONDS!



Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula are needed to **SOOTHE** and **REFRESH** dull, tired eyes . . . Its special **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient quickly **CLEARS** eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, driving, overindulgence, etc.).



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD.** **WASH** your eyes with **EYE-GENE** today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Bureau

USE EYE-GENE

Beautify Your Skin

with the aid of Mercolized Wax Cream

Lighten your complexion and make it appear prettier, clearer and younger looking by using Mercolized Wax Cream, as directed. This dainty Skin Bleach and Beautifier hastens the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, suntanned or overpigmented surface skin. Reveals the softer, whiter, smoother underskin. Try this famous complexion lightener, Mercolized Wax Cream now. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

great world peace movement, fighting for his own life and for hers. Joel McCrea is the boy, Laraine Day is the girl. Superb performances are given by Herbert Marshall as the heroine's father, by George Sanders as an English newspaperman, by Albert Basserman as the man tortured by drugs, blinding lights, and calm ruthlessness, by Edmund Gwenn as the oily tower killer. And Bob Benchley does a matchless bit as the neurotic London manager of a news service.

You'll never see a more exciting movie, for Foreign Correspondent is one of the real film events of 1940.

VITAL STATISTICS: Director Hitchcock labors quietly. Sits in a chair and fills it completely. Talks gently to the actors and tells them exactly what he wants. Likes to kid his players. Always has sketches of the scenes beside his shooting script. Makes the drawings himself the night before. Before he directed, Hitchy was an artist. Hitchcock lost twenty pounds making the picture. . . . Lots of big sets. The Amsterdam public square covered ten acres, took four weeks to build with three crews working twenty-four hours a day. Four blocks of buildings, shops, homes, streetcars. Three hundred extras worked for three days in a steady manufactured drizzle. The huge Dutch windmill, eighty feet high, was constructed on the back lot. The transatlantic Clipper was to have cost $50,000; ran to three times that estimate. Built to scale, four motors, 120-foot wing spread, and an eighty-four-foot fuselage. The air wreck was done in a studio tank, if you must know, with no doubles for the principals. Other minor items were the Savoy Hotel in London, the Hotel Europa in Amsterdam. . . . In February, producer Walter Wanger sent an English cameraman from London to Amsterdam for atmospheric shots. Returning on the S. S. Rijnstroom, the cameraman lost his equipment, film, and almost his life when a Nazi air raid sent the boat to the bottom. Had to go back and do it all over again, and twice as difficult, what with fast shifting conditions. . . . Prop man Bob Landers had to round up 150 foreign bicycles for Amsterdam street scenes. Every foreign car in the Hollywood district was secured. This last item alone ran to $2,940. . . . You saw Albert Basserman in Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet. Once one of Germany's greatest actors, he fled to Vienna in 1933, to Switzerland in 1938. Then he sought a haven over here. . . . Laraine Day never had been east of Utah until she finished Foreign Correspondent, came to New York on a vacation.

★ ★ ★½ I LOVE YOU AGAIN

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Myrna Loy, Frank McHugh, Edmund Lowe, Donald Douglas, Nella Walker, Carl Switzer, Pierre Watkin, Paul Stanton, Morgan Wallace, Charles Arnt. Story by Leon Gordon and Maurine Watkins from a novel by Octavus Roy Cohen. Screen play by Charles Lederer, George Oppenheimer, and Harry Kurnitz. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 99 minutes.

AN ingenious comedy idea, for a sudden blow brings Larry Wilson to his senses after an eight-year attack of amnesia. Wilson, once a slick high-class crook named George Carey, discovers that in the blank interim he has acquired a prissy personality, a stuffy, spotless reputation, a bank account, the good will of a small town, the local leadership of the Boy Scouts, the job of managing a big pottery works—and a pretty wife who is about to divorce him out of sheer boredom. How Wilson, alias Carey, slips back into sophistication and his old ways furnishes the fun, thanks to William Powell's diverting high comedy performance of the slippery gent recovering from an attack of smug virtue caused by a clout on the head. Myrna Loy lends adroit aid as the wife who awakens to find a new husband in the house. There's Frank McHugh to help, too, as a well meaning confidence man.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bill Powell's first film was Sherlock Holmes, with John Barrymore. Then he did The Bright Shawl with Dick Barthelmess and Romola with Ronnie Colman. Ever since Barthelmess and Colman have been his closest friends. Still pals, they get together often and have their laughs. . . . This is Edmund Lowe's first appearance in a M-G-M picture since 1925, when he did Philo Vance in The Garden Murder Case. . . . Director W. S. Van Dyke seldom films a comedy scene more than once. Says the actors lose their spontaneity. They call him "One-Take" Van Dyke. Result, Van Dyke usually finishes ahead of schedule. . . . For good luck, Myrna Loy still keeps a horseshoe worn by the pony she rode in childhood. . . . That black eye Donald Douglas sports in one sequence was more or less real. Director Van Dyke took advantage of a shiner caused by the lancing of an eye cyst. Douglas, by the way, was born in London, brought to America as a child, educated in New York. First went on the stage as a vocalist in musicals.

20 QUESTIONS

Score yourself on this quiz:

1-4 right ..... Bad
5-8 right ..... Average
9-14 right ..... Well above normal
15-20 right ..... Phi Beta—or better

1—George W. Ferris, the noted American engineer, invented what?

2—How do newsmen gauge President Roosevelt's mood at press conferences?

3—In law, how old must you be before you cease to be termed an "infant"?

4—What was the Nameless City?

5—A man had a clock that struck the hours, and also struck once to mark the half hours. He came home one night late. As he opened his door, he heard the clock strike once. Half an hour later, it struck once. Again, a half hour after that, it struck once, and a half hour after that, struck once again. What time was it when he came in?

6—What have the members of the New York National League baseball club, St. Christopher, and Polyphemus in common?

7—What American novelist bears the same name as a British statesman?

8—What is meant by a Gretna Green, and how did the meaning arise?

9—In what year do modern scholars place the birth of Christ?

10—How did the Knights of the Garter originate?

11—The father of what modern queen caused much embarrassment by picking pockets?

12—Who were the original "scalawags"?

13—Why are reckless drivers sometimes referred to as "jehus"?

14—When you cross the international date line bound for the Orient from the U. S., do you set the date ahead a day or back a day?

15—What part of his equipment does a sailor carry in his ditty bag?

16—The war abroad is causing a shortage of what product very good for but not much relished by American children?

17—What is the origin of the term "sabotage"?

18—The modern "mystery play" concerns itself chiefly with murder. Can the same be said of the "mystery plays" popular in early England?

19—In baseball, what is a "cripple"?

20—"William Harrison" are the first two names of what American famous in fistic annals?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

★ ★ THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES

THE PLAYERS: Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney,

Jackie Cooper, Henry Hull, John Carradine, J. Edward Bromberg, Donald Meek, Eddie Collins, George Barbier, Ernest Whitman, Charles Tannen, Lloyd Corrigan, Russell Hicks, Victor Kilian, Edward McWade, George Chandler, Irving Bacon, Frank Shannon, Barbara Pepper, Louis Mason, Stymie Beard, William Pawley, Frank Sully. Screen play by Sam Hellman. Directed by Fritz Lang. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 92 minutes.

THIS Jesse James sequel is out-and-out melodrama, picking up the frontier saga just as Bob Ford shoots down the bandit from behind. It pictures brother Frank setting out for vengeance. Somehow or other the beautiful daughter of a pioneer editor tries to help stalwart Frank but, stubbornlike, he persists in his vendetta, runs down Ford, stands trial, is acquitted. With which the lovely Colorado lady journalist retires, a tear of regret in her eyes.

All of which is fiction, partner. I regret to tell you that Frank was over forty when Jesse was shot, that he never tried to avenge his dead brother.

Your Bev Hills doesn't mind Hollywood tampering with ancient history but he is plumb ornery about our frontier legends. Still, Henry Fonda does well enough as Frank James, even chews tobacco.

VITAL STATISTICS: Gene Tierney makes her screen debut as the editor's daughter. Actually, she is the daughter of Howard S. Tierney, a New York broker, received the usual travel and finishing-school preparation. Went on the stage, made a hit in the Broadway play, The Male Animal, was signed for Hollywood. . . . Two locations were used. One at Sonora in the old gold-mining country and railhead of the fifty-seven-mile-long Sierra Railroad. The other at Bishop, in the high Sierras, where a studio crew spent two weeks building pioneer-appearing roads. The residents of Bishop presented Fonda with one of the famous outlaw's six-shooters. Carries the initials F. J. . . . Yes, that starting moment is a real shot from Jesse James, with Ty Power making the shortest appearance in film history. Only sixty feet of film and he isn't listed in the cast. . . . Cameraman George Barnes had a lot of trouble with Jackie Cooper's red-checkered woolen shirt. Came out a totally different shade in technicolor night close-ups. Finally two shirts were designed to color match, cost $250. . . . John Carradine was working simultaneously in this film and in Brigham Young, commuting between location sites, several hundred miles apart. He's a villain here, a hero in the other.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio.

★★★½—They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm, Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage.

★★★—Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen.

"Sure — It'll Be OK Again!"

That's right, Johnny; the doctor *did* say that the cast would come off next week, and that a month from now your arm would be as good as ever. The doctor wasn't guessing — he *knew,* because he'd seen the X-ray films.

THE family doctor knows how much the X-ray has done to take the guesswork out of treating human ills. And when he sends his patients to the local radiologist—whether to check a broken bone, to diagnose a suspected disease condition, or for X-ray treatment—he's glad that he has this versatile electric tool to help him.

Count up some day the number of times you call on electricity to work for you—times when you turn on a light, switch on a radio, ring a doorbell, or clean a rug. These are everyday occurrences; having an X-ray examination isn't. But here, too, if and when you need an X-ray examination, electricity is ready to serve you.

The type of X-ray tube in almost universal use today was developed more than 25 years ago by Dr. W. D. Coolidge, in the General Electric Research Laboratory. And continued research and development by G-E scientists, engineers, and workmen are making electricity more useful in the medical field, as well as in industry and the home.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Honor Has Another Name

BY WILLIAM BENTON JOHNSTON

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

HERE in Key West, Kurt Voldtner's Nordic coloring was in sharp contrast to so many Cubans and sun-darkened whites. Yet at the Habana-Madrid Club bar he attracted no attention even when a man touched his elbow and whispered, "Galveston Lane."

Presently Kurt left the club and found this winding unpaved street. It was a part of the old city asleep in the deep shade. Here flourished the royal poinciana, its grace and exotic coloring reminding him of Elsa Hoffman and bringing to him the thought that only incredible circumstances could have relegated her to these surroundings.

He left the lane with a single impression: the exact location of that yard where hung a pair of chiffon hose, fine-spun and quite alien to this place.

Thoughtfully he walked till he found a tree-shaded table in an outdoor café, the Luger pistol beneath his arm a constant reminder of that mission which, from the beginning, had been so ironically and unbelievably cruel . . .

It was quite late when Kurt went back to Galveston Lane. Methodically he counted houses and turned unhesitantly into one, pushing past a Cuban woman and ignoring her protests.

In the second room, Elsa stood beside a chair, her faint smile beyond definition or understanding. Kurt saw that she was lovelier than ever—lovelier than on that long-ago Sunday when they had left the ballroom of the old castle and stood on a balcony watching the Danube go past in the moonlight. Memory threw off a veil of years and he remembered how she had said, "I love you, too, Kurt."

The sequel to that—frustrated plans and the abrupt breaking up of an old established order so that its parts could be bent into a new and compelling pattern—clouded his thoughts momentarily, disintegrating and coming back to the present at the sound of Elsa's voice.

She said, "You passed this afternoon, and I was foolish enough to hope that you had been deceived."

"By expensive Parisian hosiery hung out to dry on such a street as this?" he asked.

"You are very clever," she murmured.

He said, "Elsa, our government trusted you to come to America and live for a while so that you might obtain certain information for us. We know that those papers came into your possession months ago. Why did you run away and hide here without giving them to us?"

She sat down, calm but very pale.

"This country," she said slowly, "has done a peculiar and inexplicable thing to me. It is a free and tolerant place, Kurt; a place of no whisperings and secret fears. I could not harm it any more than I could rob a friend who offered me the hospitality of his house."

He stared at her, amazed and sternly incredulous. "But your duty—your loyalty to the fatherland?"

She said, "Duty is obedience to one's conscience; loyalty a steadfastness to convictions."

"This is a poor time for platitudes," he interposed. "Give me the papers now, and I will do everything possible to lighten your punishment."

She shook her head. "The documents have been destroyed. I realized that our leader would send you after me, knowing that I could refuse you nothing."

His face lost every vestige of color. "Do you understand what this means for you—and for me?"

She nodded. "You must take me back."

"No," he told her; "*not without the missing papers.*"

She said, "Oh," and for a time there was silence in that room—silence and the shine of lamplight on a drawn Luger pistol.

Finally Kurt said, "There is no point in delay. The Cuban woman has probably reached the police by now."

Elsa pointed to the door, said, "I warned her against that, in case you ever came here."

He turned and saw the woman standing in the adjoining room, quiet and still from fear.

"Why?" he asked Elsa.

She said regretfully, "Regimentation destroys so much of a man. Five years ago you would have known why I could not betray you, my dear, to gain any personal safety."

This went past Kurt's guard, and something of the effort with which he braced himself against it showed in beads of perspiration on his brow.

Slowly he lifted the pistol, and Elsa drew one deep and soundless breath.

"Go ahead, Kurt," she said.

For a while he did not move or speak, and in that interval a guitar lifted its tones in the melancholy murmur of a Spanish love song.

Suddenly Kurt took a step forward, lifting Elsa and kissing her with the hunger of many lonely days.

Without a word, he released her and went swiftly from the house.

He left the lane and went directly to the water front, and turned to where a trim motorboat lay dark except for riding lights.

A solitary seaman was on the pier alongside, and to him Kurt said, "Report to our superior in Havana that the woman has been found and punished."

"You are not coming aboard?"

Kurt shook his head.

"But I was ordered, Herr Voldtner," the seaman insisted, "to aid in your escape."

Kurt said, "I need no aid," and walked away, finally stopping beside a dark and deserted pier.

After a while a big freight truck rolled along, filling the streets with harsh noise.

Whereupon Kurt waded out into the Atlantic until it reached his armpits. The report of his pistol was a small inconspicuous sound beneath the echoes of the truck's exhaust.

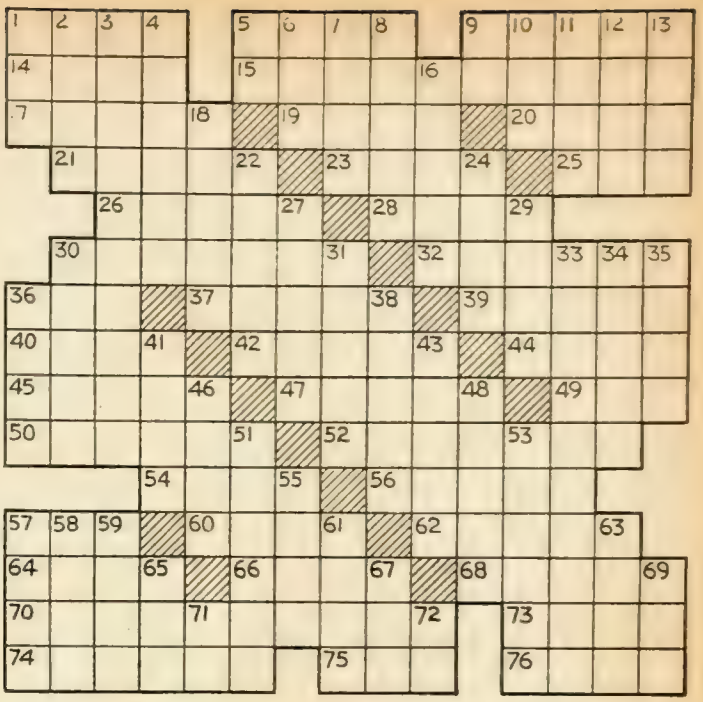
Presently the waters, hesitant between ebb and flow, moved and followed an inevitable way out to the open sea.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

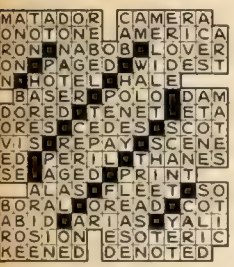


HORIZONTAL

1 One difference between youth and age
5 Lowest man in the world
9 This is bugs about kitchens
14 It's right there with the old comeback
15 Nature's collar button (two words)
17 Angorian agonizations (var.)
19 This is full of ginger
20 This'll burn you up
21 The Windsor touch
23 Naval nourishment
25 Saratoga
26 What is it when you talk back to policemen?
28 It's tight but it's legal
30 All that stands between the Italian and British war machines
32 Stopped by the side of the road and made to shut up by a determined man (fem.)
36 He makes a bomb out of the Nazi bombers
37 When should America go brutalitarian?
39 Brownish yeller, as the bullfinch
40 What women's mouths rarely are, especially if their minds are
42 Mrs. Abraham
44 What garlic eaters do at the opera
45 Skinny things
47 The least common feminine trait
49 Scheme's end
50 . . . — — — . . .
. . . — — — . . .
52 You should live so long
54 Smartens up American youth
56 Last word in mysteries
57 He's on the inside looking around
60 Make-take hen-pen bloke
62 Lots and lots (var.)
64 About all colonies add to empire
66 Gee-gee string
68 Jap city
70 This has a graveyard at one end, a river at the other and a lot of disillusioned millionaires between (two words)
73 Future home of the O'Tooleheimers, should Germany so decide
74 These gals live on air—no wonder they're so slender
75 Home of football and rooters
76 Something boys always are when cheered

VERTICAL

1 Kind of pro president
2 The wit that curdles
3 Parkway cowboys
4 The best cure I know for a breakdown (two words)
5 General Know-all (abbr.)
6 National buy-words
7 Screamed in a nice way
8 What $1,000 a month can make any girl, and a hairbrush any boy
9 The hottest guy in Egypt
10 This goddess had plenty
11 Mocking birds
12 Pound of flesh
13 Top woman of the Old World
16 What Caesar is today
18 Upper-class gingham
22 Tie-ups for grandfathers around grandmothers (of corset is)
24 Granulated courage
27 One of the Fascist men in France
29 Exterminated by the Red men
30 Blast on the bugle
31 The way they fiddle around will just burn you up
33 The call of love
34 His affection for you is simply killing
35 After saving Holland for years, it failed to save Holland (var.)
36 Don't let them put the bite on you
38 Things angry aviators fly into
41 A tryout
43 Rash uprisings
46 This made the biggest clean-up
48 Musical dessert
51 Horse laughs
53 Wouldn't this sicken you!
55 Even he can't predict a woman's mind
57 Gran'pappy's wisecracks
58 Beseech
59 Bawl for
61 Gravy catchers
63 The laughs in this are ended by a blackout
65 Great big bump they yodel about
67 What Budge drove into last week
69 Well known literary woman
71 Shet yo' mouf!
72 Something on the Cobb



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

FAMOUS MODEL PLAYS BLIND MAN'S BUFF

Marion Whitney, a beautiful American model

"I KNOW this is Don. I can tell because his hair feels dry and bushy as a tumbleweed. He ought to stop dousing it with water and use Kreml.

"TAKE that grease out of your hair, Jim. It feels just as sticky as it looks. Kreml would keep your hair in place without that 'sheiky' look.

"PAUL couldn't fool me even with a wig—well, not if I took this blindfold off. Too bad he didn't take care of his hair when he had it.

"ONE moment. Pete, while I tell how nice Kreml keeps your hair. It feels so soft and natural, in perfect order. Not sticky or greasy, either."

KREML is a marvelous tonic dressing, famous for keeping hair lustrous, well-groomed, and easy to manage, without being sticky or greasy. It removes dandruff scales—checks excessive falling hair—and relieves itching scalp.

LADIES! Marion Whitney says that Kreml puts her hair in splendid condition for permanents, makes her permanent look lovelier.

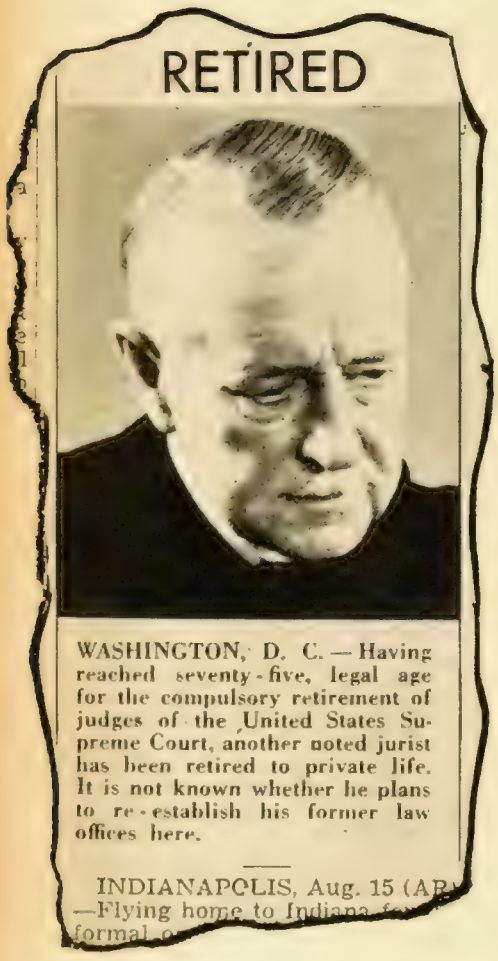
Ask for Kreml at your drugstore or barber shop.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Liberty's Patriotic United States Constitution Quiz Contest



WASHINGTON, D. C. — Having reached seventy-five, legal age for the compulsory retirement of judges of the United States Supreme Court, another noted jurist has been retired to private life. It is not known whether he plans to re-establish his former law offices here.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 15 (AP) —Flying home to Indiana for formal o

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ
No. 2

1. What Article of the Constitution establishes a basic error in the hypothetical news item reproduced above?
2. What is wrong with the quotation "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges in communities of citizens in the several States"?
3. In a Presidential election, who must be present at the opening and counting of the ballots transmitted to the seat of government by the Presidential electors?
4. What are the six specific reasons for which the Constitution was established?
5. What elected officer automatically becomes President of the Senate?

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, each $10	500
220 PRIZES, each $5	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	$2,500

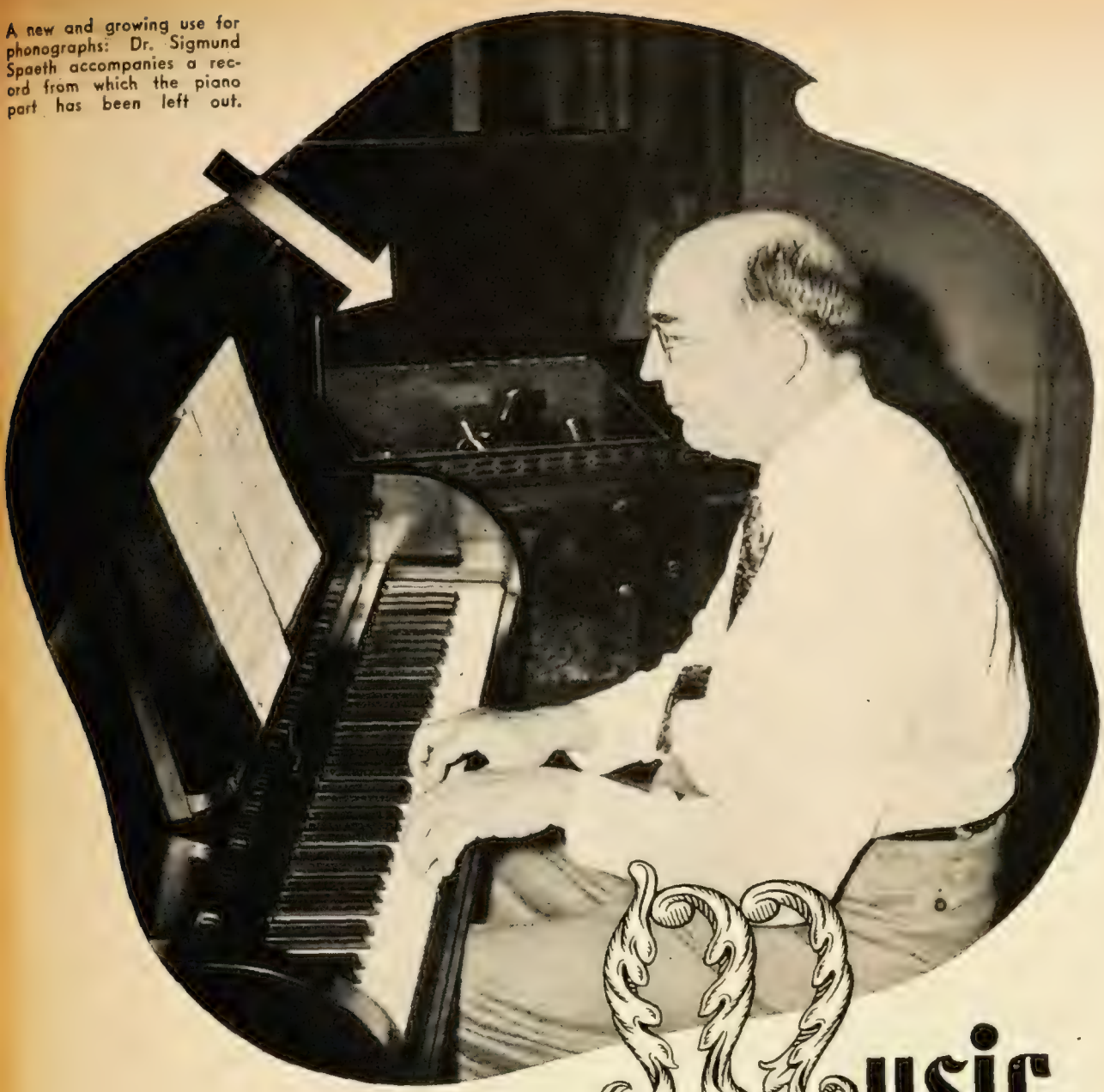
CAN you answer this week's quiz on the Constitution? If you have read the Constitution of the United States recently, some, if not all, of the answers will come to you immediately. A careful reading of the document will disclose the answers you cannot supply offhand. Why not get into this patriotic game, once more familiarize yourself with the foundation of the liberties under which we live, and at the same time build a contest entry that will claim one of the major cash awards awaiting distribution at the close of the contest?

The brief Rules explain exactly how to prepare a successful entry. Read them carefully and then get into the game by writing down the five answers required in this week's quiz.

For your convenience, in the event that you have given away or mislaid last week's issue of Liberty, we have prepared reprints of the first set of questions. If you need them to bring your entry up to date, mail your request to the address in Rule 8 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling.

There is undoubtedly a copy of the Constitution of the United States in one of the reference books on your shelves. If for any reason you wish an individual copy of the Constitution for use in connection with this contest, Liberty can furnish it. Mail your request to the address in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing.

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

A new and growing use for phonographs: Dr. Sigmund Spaeth accompanies a record from which the piano part has been left out.

Music when I want it

Comeback!—A look at the phonograph record's new role in education

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BY JOHN ERSKINE

DO you remember the first popularity of phonographs, when we cranked the machine by hand, and frequently the rotating table wasn't quite level, so that the music had certain ups and downs, and it was a piece of extra luck when the needle didn't scratch? Those imperfections were then hardly noticed; we were listening to Caruso or to Alma Gluck, to Schumann-Heink or Scotti, or Tetrazzini, or Louise Homer, and what we heard, no matter how imperfect a reproduction of the actual singing, brought into our homes a kind of beauty which probably had not been there before. We did not then have the radio. For many of us the records opened a new world.

There was, of course, a not inconsiderable protest against what was called the threat of canned music. We were told by the cautious that pianolas would make piano-playing obsolete, and that phonograph records would ruin public concerts. Few of us took the warning seriously, and our cheerfulness was justified.

Then our phonograph records were neglected increasingly as the radio began to bring us, among other things, the best music at the very moment it was performed. It enabled us to enjoy constant variety and to be strictly up to the minute. And the great artists, especially the singers, whose recordings had once brought them large incomes, bemoaned the inroads of what was again called canned music, forgetting that the disks were

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in a way more mechanical than radio performances.

Today there is an extraordinary revival in the use of records, even while the enjoyment of the radio continues to develop. We realize now that the two mediums are unlike, each serving a different purpose; but we probably should not notice this difference if we had not developed in ourselves two separate musical needs for which in distinct ways the radio and the records are the answer.

In the last twenty-five years the serious audience of intelligent and well instructed music lovers has grown to fabulous proportions, though there are still a majority, no doubt, who listen to what they like without knowing much about it. The large and growing minority, those who not only love music but wish to understand it, have discovered the modern facilities by which the listener can educate himself.

Not only the listener but the performer. Those who feared the radio would damage the practice of music, kill off the careers of great artists, completely annihilate the amateur, overlooked the impulse in mankind to try for ourselves whatever we have admired in others. To the opportunity of hearing music which the radio provides we may attribute the springing up of amateur orchestras, chamber-music groups, and choral societies throughout the country.

But the radio performance, however inspiring, has one limitation: it doesn't repeat itself. Phonograph records satisfy precisely this need of repetition. Not merely the conductors of amateur orchestras but the players themselves are curious to know how the professionals play the symphony which is on the next local program, and they study the music on the records, with the score in hand. Even the listener who has no intention of playing nevertheless finds it profitable, if he intends to hear a concert, to study the program in advance.

I THINK it is the revival of records rather than the growth of radio that has taught amateurs to read scores. The information is spreading through the country that orchestral scores can be bought in miniature editions at a very small price. The full-size score, such as the opera or symphonic conductor must have if he is to follow the notes readily, is costly, but the miniature score can in many cases be bought for less than a dollar, and the price even of a long work will not be prohibitive.

With a record at home and a miniature score, we can study great musical works and can answer for ourselves the questions which an attentive listener often asks at the performance of great music. The composer will use the instruments together or separately in order to produce original effects. We in the audience wonder from what instrument these effects come. We can hunt out the spot, listen to it again on the record, follow it on the score, and see which instrument or instruments are playing those particular notes, and in what part of the register.

The manufacturers of records are devising entirely new kinds of aid to performers, and one development deserves mention here, since the enthusiastic amateur will be particularly grateful for it. String quartets are now recorded with one part missing. You supply the missing part. If you are a viola player you get the record which has left the viola out, and you play as often as you like with the other three instruments on the disks. In such a performance there may be a certain rigidity, but it won't hurt you to undergo strict discipline, and the opportunity for unlimited practice is of great value.

WHERE music has been studied in its historical growth, in schools or conservatories, the value of records has always been known, but the amateur listener who enjoys his records at home can make his own survey of the past. He can hear in chronological order the early compositions for the harpsichord played by experts on that now rare instrument, and we can trace the beginnings and the developments of the piano repertoire, of the symphony and the opera, of ballet music and lieder.

In the last decade we have shown a healthy tendency to explore music. It's a fair question whether this change in our attitude has been produced by records, or whether the change has caused the new vogue of the disks, but at least the records have been involved in the progress. It is becoming fashionable now, when any music is much talked of, to get a recording of it at once and *hear* what it is like. We can satisfy this curiosity almost as easily as by walking across the room and taking down a book from the shelf.

Almost as easily but not quite. The recordings of a major work in music unfortunately cost more than books, and literature is accessible in public or lending libraries, whereas music records for the most part must be bought outright.

To remedy this difficulty many public libraries now keep on hand a fairly large assortment of records, and provide listening rooms and machines on which the disks can be played. Better still, in various parts of the country lending libraries are springing up from which subscribers can draw disks as though they were books, and keep them for a reasonable period. Though this service is only in its beginnings and has not yet, perhaps, had any appreciable effect, its growth will probably be rapid. It is not unreasonable to expect that in five years the patronage of lending libraries for records will equal the patronage of lending libraries for books.

The extent to which records will be improved is unpredictable. Our musical future is equally bright. It will find uses now unguessed for every aid science can supply.

THE END

News! An eye-opening first-hand report of what's happening to the American farmer

THE BREAD OF HATE

BY KENT SAGENDORPH

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A FEW weeks ago I stood in a crowded courtroom in St. Joseph, Missouri. A C. I. O. organizer was on trial. He had been arrested for using "foul and abusive language." He was accused of threatening a group of workers with mysterious forms of violence if they didn't sign up. The spokesman for these people faced him.

"We're tired of being tormented by people like him!" he shouted. "That man works in a packing house. He has no interest in us at all, except to make us pay dues. We don't need the C. I. O. and we don't want it."

Some spectator standing behind me muttered a curt answer.

"Brother," he erupted, "you're gonna get it anyhow."

Steelworker, miner, automobile worker, packing-house employee, and now the farmer. They're all gonna get it anyhow. Trade-unionism has already reached every agricultural section of the country.

The entire Pacific slope is a thousand-mile hotbed of strikes, riots, boycotts, and bitterness. In Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana union organizers are welcomed and assisted. Membership in the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union has grown 30 per cent since March, 1939. In the pecan groves of Texas, the turpentine camps of Georgia, and the tobacco fields of the Carolinas workers now hold union cards. In rural New York State, blood and milk spilled together on the highways while city children went hungry and farmers went broke. The United Dairy Workers, a new C. I. O. satellite, has appeared in the field.

Strengthened by these successes, organized labor is ready, now, for the big push into the Middle West.

Farmers told me, in six states, that organized labor wouldn't get to first base on Middle Western farms. But labor leaders, labor weeklies, state federations, and individual organizers pointed to gains already made. They outlined for me a new kind of strategy now being used with satisfactory results.

In Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana, Nebraska, Wisconsin, and Michigan I personally saw this new

system in action. There are no regional reports; no statistics in governmental booklets. The unions keep quiet and they do all their work by personal interviews. They use one appeal—hatred.

Organizers search out grumbling old farm hands, out of work now and facing a hopeless future. They point to friendly old corn growers, who have practically raised their hired men, as ruthless exploiters of the workingman. They hold up prospering hog breeders as modern Simon Legrees. They say that no red-blooded American has to put up with that. They hold out a union-membership blank and a pen.

The A. F. of L. now has ninety-seven separate craft unions that touch the farmer at some point and which are actively organizing. They've just added another, in Iowa, the last stronghold of independence. It's a new grain processors' union which has spread out to include the farm hands who mix cattle feed on farms. The C. I. O., strictly in character, had only one until last spring. That one was Donald Henderson's United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers of America. It claims dues-paying locals in thirty-two states and a membership of nearly 125,000. Affiliated with it is the new United Dairy Workers, on which no accurate membership figures have been revealed.

Farmers are making the same mistake Big Business made when the true scope of unionism was revealed: ignoring the situation, claiming that unionism will never influence agriculture to any great degree.

The unions have made capital of the stubbornness of some farm operators who did not correct conditions voluntarily. They have pointed out that thousands of farm laborers don't get as much social security or physical comfort as the horses they curry in the barns.

Farmers are paying lower wages than at any time since 1900. There were 65,000 unemployed farm hands in Iowa in October, 1939. There were 60,000 in Kansas; 45,000 in Nebraska. The union organizer sits with them in their drafty smelly shacks and listens to their woes, gives them union literature.

IN 1935 two college-trained sociologists determined to do something for the most exploited, downtrodden, helpless specimen of all United States farm laborers, the Southern share cropper. They launched a movement, not affiliated with any national labor union, intended merely as a demonstration of strength to impress Southern legislatures. It was called the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, and it became the granddaddy of a monster which rose up and swallowed it.

Until that time farm-unionism had been a political rallying point for sincere believers in better government. It was visualized, in the Middle West, as a political alliance between organized industrial workers in the cities and independent farmers in the fields. Its object was nothing more than political pressure on legislators to eliminate the spread between cost of production of farm produce and the price the farmer received.

Suddenly farm-unionism became trade-unionism, bargaining on behalf of thousands of farm workers for better hours, wages, and working conditions. The year after the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union was organized the C. I. O. copied it with something so vast, so all-inclusive, that it seemed small in comparison.

Donald Henderson built for the C. I. O. a union that claimed the right to speak for every American agricultural worker . . . farmer, tenant, hired man, warehouse employee, packer, cannery worker, everybody who might come under a union with the name of United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers of America. Henderson began, naturally enough, on the West Coast.

HIS method of organization was the same strong-arm intimidating mob force he had learned under Bridges in the Longshoremen's Union. There were fifty-four strikes in California that season, 1936, on farms. Strong-arm squads stopped farmers at the city limits of most larger cities such as San Francisco and Stockton, and told them they couldn't drive their own trucks without union truck drivers at union wages. Riot followed riot. Pickets milled and swarmed around any one who wanted to work.

The small farmers and then the big growers gave in, one by one, and signed up. They thought that would restore peace. Instead, it was just the beginning of a nightmare. So the growers retaliated with a brand-new weapon, unheard of in agricultural America. They organized a tight corporation called the Associated Farmers of California, Inc., hired aggressive lawyers, and sent Henderson and the UCAPAWA sprawling with a series of sweeping injunctions and restraining orders.

They jammed through legislation in Oregon that changed the whole labor complexion of the state. It tied up the union organizers by requiring them to take out a separate license in each county, revokable on the slightest pretext. It boycotted the city of Stockton until the city fathers howled for help. Then it released the boycott with the warning that any more union violence would make the boycott permanent. San Francisco was opened again; union strong-arm squads dispersed.

Temporarily set back on his heels, Henderson spread his union into other states. In so doing, he encountered the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union.

The share croppers, led by their two energetic sociologists, had a working, flourishing union of 27,000 members. It had uncovered and publicized an appalling situation. It had sponsored educational movies, distributed tons of pamphlets, lobbied in legislatures. And many a progressive Southern planter helped it.

The STFU was promised full autonomy and it joined the C. I. O. as a subsidiary to the UCAPAWA. It wasn't long before Henderson was trying to lure the STFU field agents into his own union. He sent in agents who brought to the share cropper Henderson's familiar lure—the bread of hate. The share cropper was mystified at first. Then, when he finally understood what they were talking about, he got mad. He chased them out of the cotton country.

The STFU seceded from the C. I. O. Henderson's answer was to assign duplicate agents to all the STFU districts and provide them with more radical literature than before.

Since that time, according to one of the C. I. O. periodicals, the original STFU has jumped to 35,000 members. It has succeeded in attracting national attention to the woes of the share cropper, and doing it without violence, mobs, and without making enemies of the agriculturists.

In the last year or so Henderson has redoubled his effort to organize the Middle West. He has been reversed on the West Coast and in the South. In the Middle West, on the contrary, he has triumphed.

In St. Paul, Minnesota, Henderson met with the Farmers' Union and executed a triumph of infiltration. He completed a somewhat similar agreement with the Farmers' Union of Michigan. But on October 5, 1939, the Michigan Farmers' Union broke with him in a spectacular display of sizzling charges. It voted to withdraw from all connection with the C. I. O. It condemned the Communist Party and demanded that the emblem be removed from Michigan ballots.

NEVERTHELESS Henderson's subordinates still claim a majority of organized Michigan farm workers. The claim is made for other states too—Iowa, Kansas, Missouri.

Such is the background of the new trade-unionism which has replaced the old farmer-labor political ideal. Three governors, bless their innocent hearts, told me in flag-draped, paneled sanctums that no such thing existed in their states. About fifty top-ranking farmers, busy with their new-found war market, indignantly denied ever hearing of any such campaign.

The future of farm-union penetration lies in the answer to one question: "What's the trouble?"

When we know, we need never fear a union.

But unionism is something that must be faced. Unless conditions change radically, it will be only a question of time before all rural citizens must take a definite stand.

That is when the justice of the farmer's position seems obscured. The justice of the farm hand's and the tenant's position gets the spotlight then. Reconciling the two without friction is our problem.

THE END

A venturesome veteran speaks his mind about acting—and the movies

"Has some one been unkind to you, my child?" Through her sobs the girl nodded.

THE FUN I'VE HAD

BY BAYARD VEILLER

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART FOUR—THESE MODERNS

ONLY a few months ago a woman asked me if Edwin Booth was as good an actor as Clark Gable. I assured her that there was no comparison. This pleased her greatly.

"I knew it," she said. "Because I think Clark Gable is one of the greatest actors that ever lived."

The screen does not call for acting. Clever impersonation supplies all its needs.

When I started this paragraph I meant to make comparisons between actors of yesterday and actors of today. I can't do it, because there is no comparison. Take our first lady of the stage—Miss Cornell. She is a most admirable actress, finished, poised, sincere; if not the best, certainly among the greatest of the present day. Now let's try to make comparisons between, say, the acting of Clara Morris and of Miss Cornell. Miss Cornell has more finish than Miss Morris had, but almost never have I been able to realize in the theater that Miss Cornell was not acting. She is a fine actress.

And as I look back, there never was a time in the theater when I thought that Clara Morris was acting. Miss Morris' range was greater than Miss Cornell's, her vocal equipment more varied; but where Miss Cornell is couth, Miss Morris was uncouth. I have made this comparison because Clara Morris in her day occupied about the same position that Miss Cornell occupies today. Women were crazy about her. I have no difficulty whatever in recalling how she acted and what her voice was like and how she moved me, after half a century.

I don't seem to remember very much that Cornell did in The Green Hat, but I do remember her hot eagerness for life and experience in The Outsider. I will not refer to her performance in A Bill of Divorcement. That part is actor-proof.

Now let's tackle Helen Hayes. My children, that one stands up. She has her limitations, of course. But she has a great sincerity and what, to my mind, is the greatest requisite for an actress—the power of simulation. I can see Miss Hayes and forget I am in a theater at all. And whom shall I compare her to? I have it! Georgia Cayvan, leading woman in the old Madison Square Theater and later in the Lyceum, under the management of Daniel Frohman. Miss Cayvan didn't stand out in those days as this girl does today. She had greater competition. Think of it. Fanny Davenport, Rose Coghlan, Mary Anderson, Mme. Modjeska, Ada Rehan! Viola Allen was making rapid strides about then.

Well, there you are. We have two actresses today. We had a few some years ago, but they have all turned into movies. They have palaces, tennis courts, swimming pools, and I'm glad they have. And from time to time we see in the papers that this and that one has determined to go back to the theater.

RECENTLY I bought a twelve-cylinder Cadillac, slightly used by a well known movie star. She had discarded it because she couldn't afford to be seen driving in anything less than a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. Can that woman go back to the theater? Can she regain what has been jounced off her in her sixteen-cylinder Cadillac? Can she be proud and happy to be in the theater at a salary which is about a tenth of what she gets now? Of course not.

The actors themselves have discarded the theater for an easier and more indolent medium. They are out of the theater and they will never get back.

And that's not as discouraging as it sounds. Young ones are coming along. And in spite of frantic denials, let me state that pictures are on their way out. And I firmly believe that these young actors and actresses will find that the theater is a fixed and definite employment that takes up a good deal of their time and all of their thoughts, so they will make their money on the air. At the risk of being put in jail for heresy, I firmly believe that the radio will prove a greater form of entertainment than the screen has ever provided and here is the reason:

Over the radio, without the aid of scenery and also without the distracting influence of scenery, we are given a play which not only interests us but stimulates our imagination, which is what the theater always did, and what the pictures have never been able to do and never have attempted to do. Pictures drug their audiences. A radio play excites them and teaches them to think. Did you ever see a movie audience think?

It wasn't many years ago when actors would come to their manager and say, "Boss, you don't care if I make a little money on the side, do you? I have a chance to play in a picture."

And the poor fathead would reply, "Go to it, my boy. It will be a great advertisement for the play."

And what happened? Everybody went into pictures.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 48

1—The amusement-park Ferris wheel.

2—By the tilt of his long cigarette holder. Tilted up, he's gay; downward, despondent.

3—Twenty-one.

4—Ancient Rome. There was a superstition that any one who dared to mention its name would die.

5—The clock was striking the last stroke of midnight as he opened the door.

6—All are—or were—Giants.

7—Winston Churchill, author of Richard Carvel, etc., and Winston Churchill, British Prime Minister.

8—Any town where couples can be married quickly. Gretna Green was a place in Scotland where runaway marriages could be performed quickly.

9—Four B. C.

10—According to tradition, Edward III of England was dancing with the Countess of Salisbury when she dropped her garter. He picked it up, bound it around his knee, and exclaimed, "Honi soit qui mal y pense!" (Shame to those who think evil!) From this incident the Knights of the Garter originated.

11—Prince Nicholas, father of the Queen of Italy, loved to pick pockets for fun.

12—Southerners who tried to make money through the Reconstruction government, known to be corrupt.

13—From the Biblical quotation: ". . . the driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously."

14—You advance the date one day.

15—His sewing kit.

16—Cod-liver oil, most of which is produced in Europe.

17—In the railroad strike in France in 1912, some strikers cut the "shoes" binding the railroad lines. In French, wooden shoes are called "sabots." From this came the meaning of "sabotage."

18—No. The latter dealt with Biblical stories.

19—The pitch made by a pitcher when the count is three balls and not more than one strike on the batter. The pitcher has to put the ball over the plate, but the batter needn't hit it.

20—Jack Dempsey.

And now, today, what's happening? Clark Gable or Joan Crawford or any of them go to Louie Mayer, for example, and say, "Louie, you don't care if I do a broadcast, do you? I can get three thousand for thirty minutes' work."

And Louie Mayer and all the other magnates in the picture business let the actors appear on the radio. They can't have forgotten what they did to the theater, but they won't take warning at what radio's doing.

And now for Hamlet. These are the questions I get: How did Barrymore's Hamlet compare with Booth's? And the answer to that is "Very well." But in Booth's favor we must remember that when I saw his Hamlet he was a stocky man, comparatively well along in life, who seemed to be a boy. And Mr. Barrymore, when I saw him, was a boy. He was tall and slim and lithe. I see no great difference in the two soliloquies. Booth's advice to the players was more resonant, more crafty. His fighting scenes . . . well, if I had been pitted against Barrymore, I would have fought with him, and if I had been pitted against Booth, I would have thrown away my sword and run just as fast as I could scamper . . . not because of his swordsmanship but because of the venom in his flashing eyes. But in spite of all this, Barrymore was a very great Hamlet and Booth was a greater Hamlet, and greater than these was Forbes-Robertson.

And now for Romeo and Juliet. I can't remember many Romeos . . . except, of course, a very recent one, Rollo Peters—not very good-looking, but a hotheaded boy in love. There a comparatively mediocre actor climbed to the peaks.

NOW we come to Juliets. Well, there was Jane Cowl, and Jane Cowl, and Jane Cowl. And before then I had seen perhaps a dozen. Most of them had been forgotten. Of course there was Julia Marlowe and there was lovely Mary Anderson and Maude Adams and, alas, Ethel Barrymore, and hooray, hooray, Eva Le Gallienne, and of course Jane Cowl. And then, on the extremely popular silver sheet, of all places, flashed a photograph of another Juliet, so real and so poignant that one forgot that it was a picture. We saw in Norma Shearer a living, breathing, and extremely moving Juliet. Next to Cowl the best I have ever seen.

Who was the greatest actress? Some say one—others say another. Not many years ago I saw a one-legged old woman lie on a bed dying. She seemed about twenty years old. She certainly didn't look any older. A huge audience was sniffling and sobbing and crying hysterically—both men and women — their hearts torn by this woman of seventy-odd who was playing a dying girl of twenty. Of course it was Sarah Bernhardt. Who else could it have been? That's the greatest actress . . . Bernhardt.

There's the story of Booth's forgiveness of Richard Harding Davis' awful speech to him. Davis in those days was a young and rather brash reporter. He bustled up to Mr. Booth and said, "What do you think I picked up in a secondhand bookstore today? A program of Ford's Theater on the night Lincoln was shot."

And into that awful pause the brother of the man who had shot Lincoln rose slowly and said, "Did you, my boy?" and walked out of the room. And the story goes on that Mr. Davis cried for days.

And Jefferson—that quaint, adorable, plaintive comedian. Jefferson played, of course, Rip Van Winkle for several centuries. And he played Bob Acres in The Rivals, and he played in The Cricket on the Hearth. And he was exactly alike in all of them. He was Joe Jefferson, and if he had been anything different, I think his public would have resented it very bitterly.

JUST flickering into public notice in those days was a slim, staccato, red-haired girl. She first attracted attention in a light comedy, Caprice. Her name was Minnie Maddern.

And here's a story I know is true because it came to me from Emily Stevens, and I never can remember whether Emily was Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske's cousin or niece, but they were very close. And here's what Miss Stevens told me:

Mrs. Fiske had given to her as stage directions the first time she ever appeared in the theater the following instructions.

"Emily, my dear, this is a very important part and a little difficult, I think, but you will be able to play it perfectly. You're a young girl, sixteen or seventeen, extremely innocent, entirely unconscious up to now of sex, except of course in a sweet girlish way. And then into the room where you're standing comes this man. He's very handsome, much older than you are. You've heard of his reputation, which is not good. You know he's had affairs with women. You're frightened of him—you're attracted by him. You don't know whether to speak to him or to run away from him. Is that clear?"

Emily said it was clear.

"That's good," said Mrs. Fiske. "And now let's see you play it with your back to the audience."

There has been no one like Mrs. Fiske in the theater. She was a flame . . . fighting for finer things . . . blazing her way through cant and hypocrisy and old-time stage traditions to a newer art. I hope when I get to heaven she will be playing Tess.

And Richard Mansfield. Opinions differ about him. J. Ranken Towse, in his history of the American theater, says that Mr. Mansfield, while a good actor, was not outstanding . . . that nothing he did would be remembered.

There was one night at Wallack's Theater at the opening performance of an English melodrama called A Fatal Card. Mr. Mansfield played a sort of assistant villain, a hunchback called Humpy Logan. How about that, Mr. Towse? That's sixty years ago and I have nothing to refresh my memory. Perhaps I remembered this occasion because I saw then something I've never seen before and never expect to see again. Mr. Mansfield limped onto the stage in this subordinate part and was playing for ten minutes before the audience recognized him. And then they cheered for ten minutes.

Mansfield was a nerve-racked devil, given to explosions of temper, wild rages, and yet with a great tenderness and kindliness for many things. At one performance he spoke very cruelly and very harshly to his leading woman just before they went to play a scene. She finished the scene before he did, and when he came off the stage he found her in the wings crying bitterly.

"Has some one been unkind to you, my child?" he said.

Through her sobs the girl nodded.

Mansfield called for his stage manager. "Some one," he said, "has hurt this young girl's feelings enough to make her cry. I don't care who it is. I want him discharged immediately." And he stormed into his dressing room.

"Who was the man?" said the stage manager.

By now the actress was laughing. "It was Mr. Mansfield," she said.

I hope when I get to heaven he'll be right across the street from Mrs. Fiske and playing Beau Brummell.

I don't know where to put John Drew. In those days he was a gay young leading man with Augustin Daly—a man of great charm, great ease of manner, poignant wit, and a very thorough and satisfying knowledge of the art he was practicing. And that's exactly what Mr. Drew was to the day of his death.

You knew exactly what he was the minute he appeared from first entrance right. He told it with a quirk of his eye—a funny gesture—nod of the head. It was a school by itself, this acting of Drew, confined to a few outstanding figures in the theater. Charles Wyndham had it. Hawtrey had it. So had Charles Coghlan. And the last of the crowd to go was Gerald du Maurier.

Men and women who still live for me have become names. But all through my life friendships that were formed in my extreme youth have endured most happily. Even now I am frequently with men I have known for forty and fifty years. I don't mind confessing that some of these men who are along about seventy seem to my eyes to be a little old and haggard, but it was only the other night that I saw Charlie Evans, a gay young thing of eighty-three, dancing a jig, and he didn't seem old at all.

THE END

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SWASTIKA OVER GUATEMALA

TIQUISATE, GUATEMALA—Is the dread swastika just awaiting the right moment to stretch its ruthless might up across Central America, Mexico, and into the United States? As surely as God made little green apples! And how do I know? Well, in summing up two and two I find that the total always amounts to an exact four.

My knowledge isn't gleaned from a tourist's jaundiced viewpoint, nor from a brief journalistic bird's-eye view of Central America. Guatemala is my home. I know and love the country and its people.

Back in Maine, where I came from, we pride ourselves on our Yankee shrewdness. Here among the cosmopolitan group where I now live this quality passes for anything down to "pure Yankee cussedness." However, it came to the fore recently when the daughter of Mrs. H. told me that her mother had received an offer of $30,000 for a little island just off the coast of Honduras—a volcanic dot on the blue bosom of the Caribbean. Except for a thick fringe of tall cocos, utterly unproductive. But for a submarine base? Ideal in every way! So reasoned Mrs. H. And reasoning thus, she turned a deaf ear to the repeated offer of two blond Teutons.

On my desk is a quaint bit of propaganda which was sent out by the German legation. Printed in Spanish, I didn't quite dare trust to the fruit of my own incredible translation. A Latin friend went over it with me. I had been right. It threatened, it cajoled, it beguiled with the subtlety of a Berlin broadcast. It told of a potent death-dealing ray. All in all, it made no bones of the plan for German supremacy.

One of the largest hotels in Guatemala City was the scene of great Nazi activity a while back. Over foaming glasses of beer, many was the toast raised to the slender German rogue with the mustache. Perhaps these toasts were too loudly spoken. Anyway, they came to the ears of El Presidente. Promptly shut down was the German-managed hotel.

Just the other day the German Minister from Guatemala put on a dazzling show in Nazi-ridden Costa Rica. Splendidly garbed in full Hitler regalia, medals agleam in the hard bright sun, and flanked by a large delegation from the German schools (all enthusiastically giving "Heil Hitlers"), he marched down the streets of the capital city. His ardor, however, was a bit dampened when he was stoned from this place in the sun by indignant Costa Ricans. Hotfooting it back to Guatemala, he was met at the airport by an unsmiling delegation from El Presidente. In no uncertain terms he was told to "lay off."

High up in the wild and secluded Guatemala hill country are immense coffee fincas. Here every owner's a king, and nearly every king's an ardent Nazi. Goodness only knows what deviltry's afoot in these palatial mountain fastnesses! Being somewhat in the know, one knows enough to fear for the future of civilization.

There is one bright facet to this smooth crystal of Nazi intrigue. General Jorge Ubico is a great man, a great patriot and a great President. He rules his little republic with an iron hand, tempered by love and rare wisdom. His countrymen are loyal and law-abiding citizens, definitely pro-United States. (With the exception, that is, of thousands of rock-bottom Germans set out to contribute to the next great Nazi conquest.)

Loyal little Guatemala is the key which will (unwillingly and fighting to the last man) unlock the way — the effortless way — up through Communistic Mexico.

As you value your homes, your dear ones, and your splendid liberty, citizens of the United States of America, look well to your most southerly border. With bloody scythe upraised to strike, Death waits—waits at your own back door.—*Frances Emery-Waterhouse.*

GENTLEMEN, BE CALM!

HAZLETON, IA.—The gentleman from Los Angeles who criticized the senator's daughter for exposing the high lights of Washington social life and compared her brain to a dot (August 3 Vox Pop) is evidently too conceited to realize that, judging by his brilliant comments, a nit on the eyebrow of a gnat would look like the whole Rocky Mountain range beside *his* brain.—*W. J. Wait.*

WHY WAIT FOR CONGRESS?

TULSA, OKLA.—Fine! I agree! Lots of people agree on Mr. Macfadden's How Long? Oh, Lord!! How Long? (August 17 Liberty.) But why wait for Congress to act? We'll all be dead by the time they get around to it!

May I also suggest that Mr. Macfadden run in Liberty a series of articles on what type of exercise one might do and follow to get himself into condition? It would be surprising how many would follow his advice and help themselves.—*Thomas J. Meinhardt.*

"Who besides suckers and hen-brained women bet on the races?" inquires Joe Poole of Gary, Indiana.

A POSTAL ZOO

DETROIT, MICH.—In June 22 Vox Pop you had an interesting contribution from one whose hobby is collecting postmarks.

Being a postmark collector, this naturally caught my eye, and to add to the subject I am enclosing a postal zoo composed of the names of United States post offices bearing on wild and domestic animals, birds, fish, etc. The list is incomplete, although containing 157 names.

A large number of persons are now engaged in the collection of postmarks as a hobby. Incidentally, it is a fast growing branch of philately.—*H. A. Jakeway.*

[Sorry we can't give space to Mr. Jakeway's full list, but here is a sample: Alligator, Miss.; Beetle, Ky.; Canary, Ore.; Cricket, N. C.; Duck, N. C.; Elk, Wyo.; Fly, Ohio; Grizzly, Ore.; Haddock, Ga.; Herring, Ia.; Lark, N. D.; Mustang, Okla.; Night Hawk, Wash.; Oyster, Va.; Pelican, La.; Quail, Tex.; Rat, Mo.; Roach, Colo.; Spider, Ky.; Swan, Ia.; Turtle, Mo.; Viper, Ky.; Wolverine, Mich.; Wren, Ohio. Also, there are Antelope, N. D.; Beaver, Utah; Carp, Nev.; Crow, Tex.; Deer, Ark.; Eagle, Mich.; Grouse, Ida.; Hare, Ky.; Lame Deer, Mont.; Moose, Wyo.; Oriole, Md.; Pike, N. H.; Rattlesnake, Fla.; Snipe, Tex.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

PRETEND

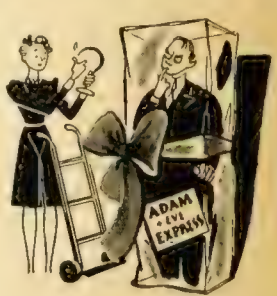
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—
Whenever you're angry
Pretend you're a bird;
Sing just a little,
But don't say a word.
—*Rose Godowsky.*

LOVE IN CHAINS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Here is something to pass along to lady Vox Poppers who may be thinking certain thoughts.—*Edith Arell.*

To Whom It May Concern:

This chain was started in Reno in the hope of bringing happiness to all tired business girls. Unlike most chains, this one does not cost any money. Simply bundle up your hubby and send him to the girl whose name heads the list. When your name works to the top, you will receive 15,176 gorgeous men.



Have faith. Do not break the chain. One girl broke the chain and got her husband back.

"Hang all fifth columnists and use cotton rope, and Uncle Sam will rid himself of poisonous pests and improve the cotton market," suggests S. S. M. of Rawlins, Wyoming.

CATS AND BABIES

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—For the sake of the millions of helpless babies! Sybil O'Keefe (August 3 Vox Pop), I know a cat will crouch on a child's chest and put its mouth and

nose against the child's mouth and nose.

It's all right if Sybil wants to sleep with a cat, but please keep it away from sleeping children if you value their health and safety.—*Margaret Williams.*

[Another reader, Mrs. Mary L. Futer, of York, Pennsylvania, tells us that her grandmother explained that cats are irresistibly drawn to the baby by the smell of milk on its breath.—Vox Pop Editor.]

¶ **"I hope that you will open your pages to a proper discussion of the Townsend Recovery Plan," says E. A. Gardner of Chicago, Illinois.**

THE LAW AND THE LODGER

Cleveland, Ohio — Just outside the hotel room occupied here by a whiskered and woeful gentleman was a busy street crossing. There early each morning a traffic policeman took his stand to direct the stream of vehicles.

This guest, who liked to sleep late, was annoyed by the repeated shrillings of the officer's whistle, and one day lost all patience.

That morning passers-by were startled to see a large sign hanging out of the hotel room's window. It read:

"Policeman! Blow gently. Gentleman sleeping."—*Jack Spreckles.*

HARD BUT FASCINATING

Orlando, Fla.—Please have another Words Within Words Contest this fall! It was very hard but the most fascinating contest I ever tried.—*L. L. Markus.*

HAILS BOB RHEDANS

Reading, Mass.—It is refreshing to note that Bob Rhedans in The Reporter and the Hoodlums (July 20 Liberty) was a newspaperman, and applause will follow the naming of Allentown's No. 1 citizen to receive the Liberty Gold Award.

Where is the man who can stand forth and fail to acclaim Bob Rhedans, who was promised no financial returns as remuneration for his efforts to stem the tide that was engulfing juvenile Allentown? No glory seeker, Rhedans saw there was work to be done, and now he stands justly entitled to that Liberty Award.

This country needs more builders like Bob Rhedans and Liberty is to be loudly commended in spreading the story of the director of Boys' Haven into every town within the borders of this country where human kindness is kindled by the spark of brotherly love.—*Fred J. Tangney.*

¶ **"If a four-leaf clover brings good luck, what does a five-leafer do for you?" asks A. Young of Bogota, New Jersey. "I have one and am hoping."**

FAITH RESTORED

Girard, Calif.—"The President has but two appointments today — one with the British Ambassador and the other with Fulton Oursler, magazine editor." Just that on the radio today! And would F. O. be kind enough to tell us just what he and F. D. R. had to say to each other on July 17, 1940?

I'll be readin' my Liberty pretty thoroughly from now on! Honestly, I was pretty sure that the Vox Poppers were fictional, so imagine my surprise when I read my squawk *re* the Oomph Girl.

I have tried so many, many Liberty contests and never even got a mention, but now I'll try again. My faith's sort 've been restored. Maybe the winners are *real* people, too!—*H. Berkeley.*

DIT DAW DIT IS R

Bracebridge, Ont. — That seagoin' wireless yarn The Perfect Fist (July 6 Liberty) was good enough for any one to read twice, and in my case it will be sent on to a ham station fan in England.

But the author, J. Marmur, was right in thinking that the International Morse Code letter *r* has a dash (long sound) in it.

So it seems your Waco, Texas, Vox Popper (August 17) was kicking over nothing when he says he "was taught that *r*'s are made with dots."

Anyhow here is the symbol for *r*: .—. (dot dash dot, or *dit daw dit* as it might sound in conversation).

The International Morse Code was for a time called Continental Code, and is for land and sea stations—termed *radio* ashore and as a rule called *wireless* at sea. It uses long and short sounds; while telegraphic Morse uses only dots (short sounds) and spacings.—*W. H. Fraser.*

¶ **"I am tired of hearing 'Let the majority rule.'" declares H. B. Grimm of Lewiston, Idaho. "They are not fit to rule."**

LITERATE LETTER CARRIERS

Summit, Ill.—In regard to Margaret E. Sangster's story, Flames Without Heat (August 10 Liberty), did Miss Sangster ever talk with her postman? No, she didn't, or she wouldn't have him say:

"A nice young feller. . . . Him and her had twins. . . . Happy folks is rare."

What English butchery! Do you know that a mail carrier — city or rural — must pass an examination and must rate highly in order to be appointed as a letter carrier?

The examination is divided in four parts: memory, assorting, following instructions, and general questions. In the last department he must reveal what grasp he has on the English language —rhetoric, syntax, etc. Her postman would have failed miserably to pass the test. —*Cecil Anderson, Chicago Letter Carrier.*

"She musta cut her last year's things down and had some left over."

He Flew into Battle for You

FULTON OURSLER

ROBERT LOW, whose stories from the battle fronts of Europe you have seen in Liberty, has just risked his life to bring you a first-hand account of the British way of fighting Germans in the air. By an extraordinary favor from the authorities of the Royal Air Force, Low was allowed to go on dawn patrol. He flew in a British bomber for twelve hours—twelve of the most hazardous, spectacular, and exciting hours that any reporter has ever lived through. Low returned safely to British soil, sat down and wrote his experiences, and put them on the cable to the Liberty offices in New York. Next week his cabled story of this thrilling journalistic adventure, undertaken solely in your behalf, will appear in this magazine. Day by day you have read in the headlines of the cataclysmic *struggle in the air, battle to the death* over Britain. Now you will read not headlines and official communications but the inside story from one of your friends, who was inside one of the bombers in action. It is a story no one will want to miss, I feel sure.

INDEED I FEEL SURE that the whole issue next week will be one to inform, entertain, and inspire you. A notable article is by my old friend Carl Crow, whom I first met at the Shanghai Club. For a number of years Carl was the editor of a weekly paper in Tokyo. He knows the mind of the Japanese as do few Americans. His new piece, How Japan Plans to Conquer America, is timely, informative, and constructively sensational.

THESE ARE SERIOUS matters of which he treats. But there is also hilarity, romance, and entertainment in high good measure in next week's issue. For those who want to forget the headlines and just have a good time, we especially recommend Two Small Redheaded Boys, by Charles Bonner, and You Sabotaged My Heart, by Steve Fisher, two of the most gripping short stories we have published in a long time. Walter Karig had breakfast with Wendell Willkie, and his article, Willkie Over the Coffee Cups, will certainly *fascinate you. So will Old Brown Joe,* a story by Frederick L. Collins about Joe E. Brown; Murder on the Diamond, by Joe Medwick; Do You Fear Your Husband's Office Wife? by Gretta Palmer; Fifty-Fifty Football, by Norman L. Sper; and Florida Leads the Way, by Earl Reeves. And don't forget that there will be also the second installment of that wonderful new novel which starts in the issue which you now hold in your hands, Unexpected Uncle, by Eric Hatch, together with more from Robert Wake about *Pendergast Is Free!* and another great installment of Lightning in the Night, by Fred Allhoff.

I NEVER GOT HIGH MARKS in arithmetic when I went to school, yet I found myself engaged, the other night, in an absorbing mathematical exploration. What started me on this enterprise was the reading of an annual report from the Federal Bureau of Investigation for the fiscal year ending June 30 last. This is what caught my eye: "As a result of the investigative activity of the F. B. I. during the fiscal year 1940, fines, savings, and recoveries totaled $58,390,180.64."

Now the regular appropriation given to the Federal Bureau of Investigation for the fiscal year 1940 totaled just $7,300,000. Here's where the mathematics came in: What did the United States pay out? What did it get back?

You can forget that, under the new laws regarding treasonable activities in this country, the duties of the bureau have greatly expanded, with new offices being opened in Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, and many of the states themselves. You can forget that more than five thousand desperate criminals were brought to justice and convicted. You can pass over more than two thousand fugitives from justice who were captured. You can forget too that out of a total of one hundred and eighty-four kidnap cases reported to the F. B. I. one hundred and eighty-two were completely solved. You can forget how the G-men have crushed the extortion racket; how they have reduced bank robberies by 80 per cent since the peak year of 1932; the overpowering of the white-slave traffickers, and the building of the greatest investigation bureau in the world, and the great national police academy which has set a standard of police practice that is revered everywhere.

You can forget all this, if you are so minded, and come back to the fact that, for every dollar spent, in the regular appropriations of this bureau during the fiscal year 1940, eight dollars was saved or returned to the United States government and its citizens—that is the ratio of $7,300,000 to $58,390,180.64.

FROM RUPERT HUGHES: "Since my article on our unpreparedness turned out to be ancient history before it could get to you, and since the times change so rapidly that epochs pass in days, I have been loath to annoy you with any further suggestions for articles. Besides, I have been very busy trying to get a home defense guard started in this state. They call me the daddy of the movement and the Governor put me on his defense council, but something always seems to cause a postponement. *Hitler annihilates countries* while we are postponing committee meetings."

EDITOR H. E. WINTERS of the Hilltop News, written, edited, and published by inmates of the Michigan Reformatory, sends me a copy of his interesting magazine. I was glad to see this lively little publication. . . . Word comes of the good work being done in Kansas City by the Rev. Alton Wright, a Negro who runs the *Colored Rescue Mission* at Eighteenth Street and Tracy Avenue. For twelve years Wright has been busy. Last year his mission collected more than $3,500, half of which was given by Negroes. It furnished 14,292 meals, 12,920 lodgings, and 11,149 baths. Its free laundry was used by 11,021 persons. It provided outings for 1,637 children. Of 1,383 who sought jobs through the mission, work was found for 612. Wright put his entire soldier's bonus of $1,055 into the mission work. Old Tom Pendergast might find peace for his soul in a place like this.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY EL GILCHRIST

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